

# LITERARY GAZETTE

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LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 23, 1856.

## REVIEWS.

*Narrative of an Exploring Voyage up the Rivers Kwóra and Bínue in 1854.* By W. Balfour Baikie, M.D., R.N. Murray.

MUCH of the mystery that long dwelt upon the region of the once dreaded Niger is now cleared up. Old geographers used to dispute whether the great river flowed east or west, some maintaining that it passed through Lake Tsad to join its waters with those of the Nile, while others believed that the Senegal and the Gambia were the mouths of this African stream. In 1808 Reichard first suggested the Rio Formoso as the probable outlet of the Niger or Kwóra, a conjecture since partially proved to be true. Laing and Clapperton also believed in the discharge of its waters into the Bight of Benin, though they differed as to the exact site of the mouth of the river. In 1829 the veteran African geographer, Mr. Macqueen, recommended a careful examination of the rivers between the Rio Formoso and Old Kalabar. Two years later the brothers Lander navigated the Kwóra from Yaúri to the sea, thereby proving the existence of an available water communication with the heart of the African continent. Their report led to the despatch of an expedition from Liverpool, for commercial and geographical purposes, which, though it ended unfortunately, added materially to the knowledge of these regions. A narrative of the expedition was published by two of the survivors, Mr. Macgregor Laird, and Mr. Oldfield, while Capt. (then Lieut.) W. Allen had surveyed and compiled a chart of the route of the Liverpool explorers. They ascended the main stream as far as Rábba, and also went eighty miles up a previously unknown tributary stream, the Tsádda. In 1841, chiefly through the urgent representation of Sir T. Fowell Buxton and other friends of Africa, the Government fitted out the too memorable Niger expedition, under the command of Capt. Allen, the disastrous results of which are yet painfully remembered. The deadly nature of the climate seemed to forbid further enterprise, yet in 1836 the late Mr. Beecroft ascended the Kwóra in one of the steamers of the West African Company, and again in the *Ethiopia*, a Liverpool steamer, in 1841 and in 1845, on the latter occasion entering and exploring the branch running by Wari.

Such is a brief outline of the previous history of the attempts to explore the geography of the Niger and its associated streams. The perils to which Europeans seemed to be necessarily exposed in that climate, deterred for a time from further efforts at discovery. What led immediately to the expedition of which this volume contains the narrative, is thus described by Dr. Baikie:—

"In 1852 the question was again started, in consequence of intelligence received from Dr. Barth, who, the sole but still undaunted survivor of a party which had two years before crossed the Great Desert, had boldly journeyed to the southward, to endeavour to reach the province of Adamáwa. On the 18th of June, 1851, he crossed a large stream, named the Bínue, which, from the information he received from the natives, he conjectured to be the upper part of the river hitherto known to Europeans as the Tsádda. To ascertain this point, the present expedition was principally destined, the two objects specially mentioned in the Admiralty instructions being, first to explore the river Tsádda from Dágbó, the point reached by Allen and Oldfield in 1833, as far to the eastward as

possible; secondly, to endeavour to 'meet and afford assistance' to Drs. Barth and Vogel. To promote these designs, the Admiralty entered into a contract with Mr. Macgregor Laird, to build and equip a suitable vessel. Mr. Laird, having, as already mentioned, been himself up the Kwóra, and having always been closely connected with African trade, and taken a most lively interest in everything tending to improve or benefit this region, was on these accounts, as well as on that of his great general experience and foresight, the very person best suited for planning and giving effect to such an undertaking. Accordingly an iron screw schooner was built at Birkenhead, in the yard of Mr. John Laird, and, on being launched, received the name of the *Pleid*. She was of 260 tons measurement, one hundred feet in length, with 24 feet beam, and her engine was of 60 horsepower. Her draught of water when laden was 7 feet, or 6 feet when in ordinary trim. A sailing-master, surgeon, officers, and crew were provided for her by Mr. Laird, and it was arranged that she should be sent to Fernando Po, where the officers appointed by government should join. The peculiar features of this expedition were, first, the employment of as few white men as possible; secondly, entering and ascending the river with the rising waters, or during the rainy season; and, lastly, it was anticipated that the use of quinine, as a prophylactic or preventive, would enable the Europeans to withstand the influence of the climate. Mr. Laird, being permitted by his agreement with the Admiralty to trade with the natives whenever it was practicable, provided a well-assorted cargo, and sent out persons specially to attend to this branch. The *Pleid* having made a very satisfactory trial trip across the Irish Channel, finally took her departure from Dublin on the 20th of May, 1854."

The conduct of the expedition was entrusted to the zealous and experienced Mr. Beecroft, H.M. Consul at Fernando Po. Dr. Baikie, the medical officer and naturalist to the expedition, left England in an African packet after the departure of the *Pleid*, which he was to join at Fernando Po. On arriving there the melancholy intelligence met him of Mr. Beecroft's death. No provision had been made in the Admiralty instructions for such an event, but Dr. Baikie, as the officer next in seniority, very properly resolved to carry out the expedition. Captain Miller, then the senior commanding officer in the Bight of Benin, and Mr. Lynslager, the acting Governor and British Consul, gave their sanction, and with a few exceptions the officers of the *Pleid* cordially entered into the proposal. Some changes were rendered necessary in the arrangements, and the presence of bad feeling on the part of one or two members of the expedition was manifested throughout the voyage; but on the whole things went on smoothly, and difficulties were overcome through the firmness and tact of Dr. Baikie and of the officers who honourably aided him in his difficult position. The causes of misunderstanding, and the unpleasant incidents that marred the harmony of the voyage, it is needless to refer to here; and we confine ourselves to a notice of the leading facts of Dr. Baikie's interesting narrative. Among the geographical points established by this voyage, one of the most important is the harmonizing of the conflicting accounts of previous travellers as to the course of the river Niger. The course of the Kwóra being known to be easterly, and that of the Bínue being now ascertained to be westerly, we understand how some of the old descriptions must have referred to the main river, and others to the confluent. The erroneousness of the theory which derived the Bínue from Lake Tsad was also determined during this voyage. Besides

these points, interesting in the history of African discovery, a large tract of new country was examined and mapped, and the survey of a new river for a large distance accurately made. Many valuable facts in the ethnology, philology, and natural history of this part of Africa have also been determined. Nor is the result of the expedition in regard to climate and health the least satisfactory feature of the narrative. By the admirable precautions taken by Mr. Beecroft and Dr. Hutchinson, the medical officer of the *Pleid* after Dr. Baikie assumed the command, the dreaded "African fever" was stripped of its terror, and the crew of the ship enjoyed as complete immunity from that disease as if they had been cruising in the Baltic or Mediterranean.

Knowing that the book, with its accompanying chart, will be minutely studied by all who are interested in geographical science and in African exploration, our extracts will be such as are likely to attract those who read them to the perusal of a narrative, the writer of which is obviously a man of daring enterprise, varied knowledge, and high principle. It was fortunate that such an officer was on the spot to take the place of the lamented Beecroft.

Our first extract describes the confluence of the two rivers, the Kwóra and Bínue, as seen from the slope of Mount Pátte, on the south-west of the junction:—

"Beneath us was the pretty green-topped Mount Stirling, sadly reminding us of the misfortunes of its last European visitors. On our left was a deep ravine, separating us from another flat-crowned hill, Mount Victoria, while on the other hand was the undulating wooded country, purchased in 1841 for the model farm, and stretching far away to the southward until there arrested by rugged rocky ground and abrupt mountains. Pursuing a somewhat meandering route, the Narrow Kwóra flowing from the northward wound along the base of the western highlands, while full before us came pouring from the eastward the broad, the straight-coursed Bínue, the commingling waters of the two mighty streams forming the expansive, lake-like Confluence, its surface dotted with islets and banks, or rippled by contending currents, while in the distance the united rivers impetuously rushed towards the sea, through the deep defile by which we had so lately ascended. The extensive ruins of the once busy Odokódó, the centre of trade in this place before its destruction by a ruthless Fuláta band, were hid from view by the thick brushwood; but the crowded huts of its important commercial successor were plainly discerned on the opposite shore. Along the banks numerous villages could be detected, while frequently, more inland, a curling wreath of smoke would betray the existence of some sequestered hamlet, half-hidden beneath lofty trees. Far as the eye could reach, over miles and miles, the ground teemed with exuberant vegetation; seeming often in the fantastic appearance of its wild growth to revel in its exemption from culture. Such a fruitful soil in other climes, and with a happier population, would yield support and employment to countless thousands, and long ere this have proved the source of untold wealth. To complete our panorama, quietly at anchor, and now surrounded by canoes, there lay the little *Pleid*, the *avant-courrière* of European energy and influence; and I trust, the forerunner of civilization and its attendant blessings, and of better days to these richly-endowed but hitherto unfortunate regions.

"Between the two rivers is a long swampy piece of land, formed by alluvial deposits, intersected by channels and streamlets, constituting, indeed, a miniature delta. Its immediate vicinity must be very unhealthy, and its proximity to the model-farm possession is much too near to be pleasant, as during the dry season there must be an immense malaria-yielding surface. Mr. May

having completed his sketch and got a set of bearings, we descended by the rugged pathway, and, embarking, soon left the creeks for the open river. I found the temperature of the Kwôra, at this point, to exceed that of the water of the Confluence by, from a degree to a degree and a half of Fahrenheit. The natives fancy there is a difference in the colour of the two streams, hence, in Haïsa, the Kwôra is styled 'Fâri n'ra', or the 'white water,' while the Binue is known as 'Baki n'ra', the 'black water.'

Although the African fever did not prove dangerous to this expedition, the Krûmen in the ship suffered from scurvy, attributed to their hard labour with inadequate diet, and the absence of any stimulant, the supply of which in the stores of the ship had been culpably neglected. Delay and inconvenience were thus occasionally caused. During the ascent of the Binue the ordinary routine of surveying the shores, sounding the river, and holding intercourse with the natives, was relieved by adventures such as the following:—

"In the evening we had considerable difficulty in finding a spot to land on for observations; but, after pulling about, got to a grassy islet, with a bank some four or five feet above the water. We jumped up, and making our Krûmen trample down a clear space, planted a stand and fixed the artificial horizon; but scarcely had Mr. May taken his sextant in his hand, when a loud grunt, in most unpleasant proximity, announced that we were not the only possessors of the soil. On looking about, we found we were right in a hippopotamus track, that the animal was alarmed and wished to get away, and might at any moment be expected to rush along, upsetting us and our instruments. Pleasant enough certainly, but we were even then ignorant of how highly we had been favoured, as presently a similar sound of disapproval reached our ears from the opposite side, and we now discovered that, about three yards from where we stood, the little path diverged in two directions, and that each position was occupied by the enemy. What was to be done? If we retreated ignominiously, all chance of ascertaining our latitude was gone, as the planet was close to the meridian, and clouds were forming. A hasty plan of a campaign was sketched out, in which it was provided that, should our opponents charge in too great force, each of us should seize a part of our gear, dive into the boat, and try to escape in the darkness. In the meantime, while Mr. May attended to the scientific and engineering departments, I was stationed as an advanced corps, to keep the foe in check, which I effected by means of our invaluable bull's-eye lantern, the light from which I directed first along the one path, then along the other. The minutes certainly seemed unusually prolonged, but at length Jupiter was benignant, and condescended to shine into the mercury from the other side of the meridian. The angle was read off and noted, our traps were secured, and we hastily embarked and shoved off; but we had not got many yards away, when a loud splash behind us announced the triumphant descent of the river-horse."

Of the difficulties in navigating the river the encountering sand banks was the most troublesome, but frequently the trouble was varied by scarcity of fuel, and sometimes by other physical causes, as happened near one of the tributary streams, called by the natives Bankundi:—

"Immediately above this the main river suddenly contracted, until not more than 200 to 250 yards across, along which the current ran like a sluice, being from five to six knots. Although this narrow rapid was not above half a mile in length, it took us fully three quarters of an hour to get beyond it, nor could we have managed it had there not been a little breeze to fill our sails, as, when under steam alone, when the wind fell, we just stemmed the current, without advancing an

inch. Further up, the river again widened into a large stream, and we made more headway. Fuel was beginning to become scarce, and we began to look out anxiously for a place to get a supply. No good wooding spot could be seen from the mast-head; so, about noon, we anchored opposite to a place where were some small trees, and hauling alongside the bank, sent all hands on shore. In spite of several heavy showers a good deal was cut before night; but it was green and small, and we were obliged to remain all next day to chop it up fit for the fires, now a very laborious operation, as the hatchets were much impaired by continual use."

A little further up the river the natural history researches of the author are amusingly mentioned, after a complaining notice of the violence of the stream and the difficulty of getting wood:—

"Another day had to be spent labouring away at the huge lumps of wood, which still lumbered our decks, and which unfortunately, after being cut up, burnt only indifferently. Frequently branches and portions of trees floated past, and whenever they came near enough we attempted to secure them, but from the strong tide this was no easy matter. A boat was usually sent to intercept them, but if after the seizure the vessel was missed, the only course left was to make for the shore, and there cut up the prize, as it was impossible to tow even a small piece against the current. Frequently in capturing a piece of wood, not large enough to burn for ten minutes, the boat would be carried down upwards of a mile. A small dry tree having been discovered along the shore, the Krûmen were despatched with their hatchets to demolish it, but from the rise of the river and the bank being flooded, they had to stand up to their waists in water to accomplish it. Evidently a sudden rise had lately taken place. Large masses of grass, almost forming small floating islands, were continually passing us, and great quantities got athwart our hawser, or foul of the boat alongside. Happening to look a little attentively at one of these heaps, it was discovered to teem with animal life, whereupon they were all closely examined, and yielded a most abundant zoological harvest. Lizards, snakes, frogs, and insects, formed the staple, but other occasional denizens from time to time turned up; even mammals were not unrepresented, for I captured a curious shrew mouse, evidently out of its element. Beetles, locusts, and grasshoppers boarded us in vast numbers, but were quickly made prisoners and transferred to my collection; two fine chameleons were detected in the very act of creeping in through a hawse-hole, seized, tried, and condemned; and a large toad, which had contrived to perch itself, puffing and panting, on the top of the fan, only escaped my fatal grasp by diving headlong into the rushing tide. So substantial was this grassy drift across the bows of our iron canoe, that I could stand on it, though up to my ankles in water, bottle in hand, consigning such living things as had escaped the deluge to the world of spirits. Among other captures were some specimens of an animal known at Sierra Leone as the 'ground-pig'; it is a large rodent, a species of *Aulacodus*, and when fresh is very good eating. These were too far gone to allow even their skins to be preserved, but their skeletons are now among my African gatherings."

On one occasion, not far from the point of return, on the upper Binue, Baikie and his companion, May, had a narrow escape from savages of the Dûlti tribe. The men gathered in large numbers with arms, and evidently were preparing to seize and plunder the boat which had visited their village in a half inundated country:—

"Matters were beginning to look serious; our crew, as usual, were timid, and Mr. May and I had only ourselves to depend upon in the midst of three or four hundred armed savages, who were now preparing to make a rush at us. There was no

help for it; we had to abandon all hopes of our remaining observations, and of so fixing an exact geographical position. As at Djin, I seized a few trinkets, and handing them hastily to those nearest to us, we shoved off while the people were examining these wondrous treasures. Still anxious, if possible, to get some further observations not far removed from the spot where the former ones were taken, we pulled about among trees and bushes, but without any success. At length we shoved in among some long grass, hoping to find dry land, but after having proceeded until completely stopped by the thickness of the growth, we still found upwards of a fathom of water. At this moment Mr. May's ear caught a voice not far behind us; so we shoved quietly back, and found a couple of canoes trying to cut off our retreat. Seeing this we paddled vigorously back, there not being room for using our oars, and the canoes did not venture to molest us. We were quickly paddling across the flooded plain, when suddenly a train of canoes in eager pursuit issued out upon us. There were ten canoes, each containing seven or eight men, and they were sufficiently close to us to allow us to see their stores of arms. Our Krûboys worked most energetically, and we went ahead at such a rate that our pursuers had complete occupation found them in paddling, and could not use their weapons. At this moment we were about a couple of hundred yards from the river, towards which we made as straight a course as possible. Not knowing how matters might terminate, we thought it advisable to prepare for defence, so I took our revolver to load it, but now, when it was needed, the ramrod was stiff and quite immovable. Mr. May got a little pocket-pistol ready, and we had if required a cutlass, and a ship's musket, which the Krûmen, by this time in a desperate fright, wished to see prepared, as they kept calling out to us, 'Load de big gun, load de big gun.' Could an unconcerned spectator have witnessed the scene, he would have been struck with the amount of the ludicrous it contained. There were our Krûboys, all as pale as black men could be, the perspiration starting from every pore, exerting to the utmost their powerful muscles, while Mr. May and I were trying to look as unconcerned as possible, and, to lessen the indignity of our retreat, were smiling and bowing to the Dûlti people, and beckoning to them to follow us. Their light canoes were very narrow, and the people were obliged to stand upright. The blades of their paddles, instead of being of the usual lozenge shape, were oblong and rectangular, and all curved in the direction of the propelling stroke. It was almost a regatta, our gig taking and keeping the lead. Ahead we saw an opening in the bush, by which we hoped to make our final retreat, but we were prepared, should the boat take the ground, to jump out at once and shove her into deep water. Fortune favoured us, we reached the doubtful spot, and with a single stroke of our paddles shot into the open river. Here we knew we were comparatively safe, as if the natives tried to molest us in the clear water, all we had to do was to give their canoes the stem and so upset them; our only fear had been that of being surrounded by them while entangled among the bushes. Our pursuers apparently guessed that we had now got the advantage, as they declined following us into the river, but turning paddled back to their watery abodes, and so ended the grand Dûlti chase."

Shortly before the breaking up of Parliament, a deputation on the subject of the West Coast of Africa, and the opening of the River Niger for lawful commerce, had an interview with Lord Palmerston. The deputation included Dr. Baikie and Mr. Macgregor Laird, as representatives of African explorers, Sir Edward Buxton, Lord Calthorpe, Mr. Russell Gurney, Mr. Abel Smith, and others whose names are familiarly known in the records of the friends of Africa, and several Christian missionaries from these regions. Dr. Baikie has since brought the same subject before



men of science, by a paper read before the British Association, which was followed up by Sir Roderick Murchison strongly urging the propriety of Government sending an annual expedition to that coast, without which little permanent impression could be made on the native population.

*"It is Never too Late to Mend."* A Matter of Fact Romance. By Charles Reade, Author of 'Christie Johnstone,' 'Peg Woffington,' &c. Bentley.

THIS last work of Mr. Reade will increase his reputation as a novelist. The doubts or difficulties which may have hung round the early attempts of the writer who has to compose and invent in one and the same effort, have long since disappeared. The ideas and events rise naturally and flow freely, because they are conscious of being born full armed, like Minerva—ready clothed in forcible and appropriate phrase. Such writing is the happy result of literary labour, which yet does not disdain perseverance in the efforts which it has commenced. That period of an author's career, when a large amount of success has not diminished his energy or relaxed his vigilance, is perhaps the most grateful and charming that can be presented to the reader. Such is the phase through which Mr. Reade is now passing.

If it be a merit to clothe with the colours of imagination the passing events, which in the columns of our newspapers wear the same uniform tone—to extract romance out of the homely materials of our everyday life, Mr. Reade is certainly entitled to this praise. Often as it has been attempted by writers who reason about causes but do not feel, who philosophize about motives without tracing and discovering their analogies in their own breasts, the failures outnumber the successes; and the base of the Heliconian hill, as in Claude's picture, is covered with the wrecks of navigators. Mr. Reade has been more fortunate; he can rely upon an instinctive propriety which will keep his characters consistent and natural under any circumstances, and thus he can venture without risk to subject them to the strangest vicissitudes of fortune, and to bring them into every sort of contact and collision. Strange and exciting, therefore, as some of his incidents are, his personages nevertheless rule the circumstances and master the situations; so that with all their faults, shortcomings, ignorances, and weaknesses, they are living men and women which are displayed to us, asserting their due places in the moral and physical creation.

The two great themes which have particularly inspired the writer are the system of prison discipline in England, and the discovery of gold in Australia. The former is illustrated by the revelations of an investigation, which we all remember, into the conduct of a late governor of the Birmingham gaol. Those criminal records are reproduced in these pages, accompanied by circumstances of every possible aggravation, to excite the horror, the indignation, and the compassion of the reader. The following extract will explain our meaning:—

"Governor Hawes had qualities good in themselves, but ill-directed, and therefore not good in their results—determination for one. He was not a man to yield a step to opposition. He was a much greater man than Jones: he was like a torrent, to whose progress if you oppose a great stone,

it brawls and struggles past it and round it and over it with more vigour than before.

"I will be master in this gaol!" was the creed of Hawes. He dined Robinson's supper one half, ditto his breakfast next day, and set him a tremendous task of crank. Now in gaol a day's food and a day's crank are too nicely balanced to admit of the weights being tampered with. So Robinson's demi-starvation paved the way for further punishment. At one o'clock he was five hundred revolutions short, and instead of going to his dinner, he was tied up in the infernal machine. Now, the new chaplain came three times into the yard that day, and the third time, about four o'clock, he found Robinson pinned to the wall, jammed in the waistcoat, and gripped in the collar. His blood ran cold at sight of him, for the man had been hours in the pillory and nature was giving way.

"What has he done?"

"Refractory at crank."

"I saw him working at the crank when I came here last."

"Hasn't made his number good though."

"Humph! You have the governor's own orders?"

"Yes, sir."

"How long is he to be so?"

"Till fresh orders."

"I will see the effect of this punishment on the prisoner, and note it down for my report." And he took out his note-book, and leaned his back against the wall.

"The simple action of taking out a note-book gave the operators a certain qualm of doubt. Fry whispered Hodges to go and tell the governor. On his return Hodges found the parties as he had left them, except Robinson—he was paler, and his lips turning bluer.

"Your victim is fainting," said the chaplain, sternly.

"Only shamming, sir," said Fry: "Bucket, Hodges."

"The bucket was brought, and the contents were flung over Robinson.

"The chaplain gave a cry of dismay. The turnkeys both laughed at this.

"You see he was only shamming, sir," said Hodges. "He is come to the moment the water touched him."

"A plain proof he was not shamming. A bucket of water thrown over any one about to faint would always bring them to; but if a man had made up his mind to sham, he could do it in spite of water. Of course you will take him down now?"

"Not till fresh orders."

"On your peril be it if any harm befalls this prisoner—you are warned."

"At this juncture Hawes came into the yard. His cheek was flushed, and his eye glittered. He expected, and rather hoped, a collision with his reverence.

"Well, what is the matter?"

"Nothing, sir; only his reverence is threatening us."

"What is he threatening you for?"

"This way, Mr. Hawes, if you please. It is not well a prisoner or turnkey should hear our difference of opinion. I told these men that I should hold them responsible if any harm came to the prisoner for their cruelty. I now tell you that he has just fainted from bodily distress caused by this infernal engine, and I hold you, Mr. Hawes, responsible for this man's life and well-being, which are here attacked contrary to the custom of all Her Majesty's prisons, and contrary to the intention of all punishment, which is for the culprit's good, not for his injury either in soul or body."

"And what will you do?" said Hawes, glaring contemptuously at the turnkeys, who wore rather a blank look.

"Mr. Hawes," replied the other, gravely, "I have spoken to warn you, not to threaten you."

"What I do, is done with the consent of the visiting justices. They are my masters, and no one else."

"They have not seen a prisoner crucified."

"Crucified! What d'ye mean by crucified?"

"Don't you see that the torture before our eyes is crucifixion?"

"No, I don't! No nails!"

"Nails were not always used in crucifixion; sometimes cords. Don't deceive yourself with a name; nothing misleads like a false name. This punishment is falsely called the jacket—it is jacket, collar, straps, applied with cruelty. It is crucifixion minus nails, but plus a collar."

"Whatever it is, the justices have seen and approved it. Haven't they, Fry?"

"That they have, sir—scores of times."

"Then may heaven forgive them, and direct me." And the chaplain entered the cell despondently, and bent his pitying eye steadily on the thief, who seemed to him at the moment a better companion than the three honest but cruel men."

The horrible barbarities thus described are continued until one of the wretched prisoners, a boy of tender years, commits suicide in his cell. Meanwhile the chaplain, Mr. Eden, has been planning the defeat of the savage governor, and at length obtains the slow and reluctant interference of the Home Office; not till after threats have been hinted of exposure by means of the press. His success is finally secured, and the crank, collar, and cell system is superseded by one of education and humanity. The indictment of the governor remains to be told: he is tried for manslaughter, and, in spite of an ingenious defence, is found guilty. The result, with the writer's observations, shall be told in his own words:—

"Then came another phenomenon of this strange business. The judge instead of completing the case and taking his share in the day's business (as the counsel and the jury had theirs) by passing sentence on the evidence and on the spot, deferred his judgment.

"Now this was an act opposed to the custom of English courts in criminal cases. A judge is a slave of precedents.

"Why then did the slave of precedent defy precedent?"

"We shall see.

"Three mortal months after the trial the promised judgment was pronounced. Where? In London, a hundred miles from the jury and the public that had heard the evidence. The judgment was not only deferred, it was transferred. Thus two objects were gained: the honest heart of the public had time to cool, fresh events in an eventful age had displaced the memory of murdered Joseph and his fellow martyrs, and so the prisoner slayer was to be shuffled away safe unnoticed, and the absence secured of the English public from a judgment which the judge knew would insult their hearts and consciences.

"The judgment thus smuggled into law, delivered on the sly before a handful of people who could not judge the judgment because they were not the people that had heard the evidence. This judgment what was it when it came?"

"It was the sort of thing this trickery had led discerning men to expect.

"It was three months' imprisonment!"

"Three months' imprisonment for prisoner-slaughter, for destroying souls as well as bodies, for destroying creatures from whom the law has taken self-defence, presuming that of all men its own officers would be incapable of abusing that circumstance to their destruction.

"Three months' imprisonment for man-slaughter in its worst and blackest and most heartless and cowardly form, except infanticide. For to compare beast with beast, the savage who tortures a woman to death attacks a creature who though weak has some defence, and encounters the opinion of all mankind; but the catiff who destroys a prisoner attacks a creature who has no defence at all, a man prostrate already under a great and pitiful calamity, and has the prejudices of all the thoughtless to back him in his cowardly attack."



"A penal sentence has two ends in view—public example, and the correction and if possible amendment of the culprit.

"Now as far as public example was concerned this sentence might be compressed in two words.

"*Piat codes!*"

"But perhaps the other end might be gained by it. Three months in a separate cell would at least show this Hawes the horrors of that punishment, to whose horrors he had added unlawful cruelties; and by enlightening his understanding, awaken his conscience, and improve his heart.

"Honest man, honest woman, who have burned or wept with me over these poor victims, you are not yet at the bottom of the British hireling.

"They sent the man-slayer not to a separate cell, not to a penal prison at all, they sent him to the most luxurious debtors' prison in Europe, and turned this tiger loose among the extravagant, the confiding, and the merely unfortunate. Among these not among criminals was the place they assigned the prisoner-slayer.

"The vermin thought they were in the dark and could do anything now with impunity. Nobody will track our steps any further than the want-of-judgment-seat, thought they, and I confess that I for one was weak enough to track them no further. Fools! They had heard of God's eye to which the darkness is no darkness, but did not believe it; but He saw and revealed it to me by one of those things that men call strange accidents.

"He revealed to me, too, that the debtors in that prison shrank with horror from this cruel insult, and from the horrible companion attempted to be forced upon them, and so they virtually altered his sentence to separate confinement by refusing all communication with him. The men were composed of erring men, silly men, reckless men, improvident men, unfortunate men, scampish men; but they were not utterly heartless, or lost to all feeling of self-respect and public morality.

"*Que voulez vous?* This was a portion of the public; not a bright sample, but still a portion of the public, and therefore, a god in intellect and in morals compared with our hirelings.

"It now remains for me, who am a public functionary though not a hireling, to do the rest of my duty.

"I revoke that sentence with all the blunders on which it was founded. Instead of becoming as other judicial decisions do, a precedent for future judges, I condemn it to be a beacon they shall avoid. It shall lie among the decisions of lawyers, but it shall never mix with them. It shall stand alone in all its oblique pity, its straightforward cruelty and absurdity; and no judge shall dare copy it while I am alive; for if he does, I swear to him by the God that made me, that all I have yet said is to what I will print of him as a lady's whip to a thrasher's flail. I promise him on my honour as a writer and no hireling, that I will buy a sheet of paper as big as a barn-door, and nail him to it by his name as we nail a polecat by the throat. I will take him by one ear to Calcutta, and from Calcutta to Sydney, and by the other from London *via* Liverpool to New York and Boston. The sun shall never set upon his gibbet, and when his bones are rotten his shame shall live—*Ay!* though he was thirty years upon the bench posterity shall know little about his name, and feel nothing about it but this—that it is the name of a muddle-head, who gained and merited my loathing, my horror, and my scorn!

"The civilized races, and I, their temporary representative, revoke that sentence from the rising to the setting sun in every land where the English tongue is spoken."

This is plain speaking: how far the story here related corresponds in these particulars to the facts of the case upon which it is founded, we know not: but whether he adheres to historical truth or not, Mr. Reade is treading on dangerous ground. Either he is pointing an attack, not at a system, but at an individual—not against an English judge in the abstract, but against a man, particularized

and identified by circumstances which cannot apply to any other living being; or he is drawing conclusions from an imaginary case.

Mrs. H. Beecher Stowe, in her fiercest denunciation, never stepped beyond the pale of general animadversion to assail an individual. She created her Legrees and Mrs. St. Clairs from an imagination that was doubtless fed to the full with tales of real tyranny and suffering; but she never singled out a specified person or group of persons, to pour upon them the vials of scorn and indignation for offences, which, for anything that appears to the contrary, may be the sheer invention of the author. The limits of a romance writer's licence have been overstepped in this instance; notwithstanding the success with which he has excited the passions of his reader.

The Australian scenes, the life in the diggings and the forest, the miserable, unsuccessful sheep farming—the long struggle, the hot excitement, the triumph of the gold discoveries, are written in the true spirit of romance. Improbability is laughed to scorn—strangeness of *rencontre*, unexpected riches lost again in a single night, re-arrangement of dramatic situation, with the same characters, maigre old age, poverty, sickness, the prison, and three thousand miles of sea—all these occur in brilliant succession. The first suspicion of gold that comes like a mad dream into Robinson's craving fancy, gradually ripens into conviction, and finally bursts into discovery, is admirably told. The following is a selection from these passages:—

"A few yards before them was the brook I have already noticed, it was about three yards broad at this spot: however, Robinson, who was determined not to make George lose any more time, took the lead, and giving himself the benefit of a run, cleared it like a buck: but as he was in the air his eye caught some object on this side the brook, and making a little circle on the other side, he came back with ludicrous precipitancy, and jumping short, landed with one foot on shore, and one in the stream. George burst out laughing.

"Do you see this?" cried Robinson.

"Yes; somebody has been digging a hole here," said George, very coolly.

"Come higher up," said Robinson, all in a flutter, "do you see this?"

"Yes; it is another hole."

"It is: do you see this wet, too?"

"I see there has been some water spilt by the brook-side."

"What kind of work has been done here? have they been digging potatoes, farmer?"

"Don't be foolish, Tom."

"Is it any kind of work you know? Here is another trench dug."

"No! it is nothing in my way, that is the truth."

"But it is work the signs of which I know as well as you know a ploughed field from a turnpike-road."

"Why, what is it then?"

"It is gold washing."

"You don't say so, Tom."

"This is gold washing as beginners practice it in California and Mexico and Peru, and wherever gold-dust is found. They have been working with a pan, they haven't got such a thing as a cradle in this country. Come lower down; this was yesterday's work, let us find to-day's."

"The two men now ran down the stream busy as dogs hunting an otter. A little lower down they found both banks of the stream pitted with holes about two feet deep, and the sides drenched with water from it.

"Well, if it is so, you need not look so pale: why, dear me, how pale you are, Tom!"

"You would be pale," gasped Tom, "if you could see what a day this is for you and me, ay!"

and for all the world, old England especially. George, in a month there will be five thousand men working round this little spot. Ay! come," cried he, shouting wildly at the top of his voice, "there is plenty for all. Gold! gold! gold! I have found it. I, Tom Robinson, I've found it, and I grudge it to no man. I, a thief that was, make a present of it to its rightful owner, and that is all the world. Here, gold! gold! gold!"

"It was not what you have seen pass for work in Europe, it was men working themselves for once as they make horses work for ever. Work! It was battle; it was humanity fighting and struggling with Nature for her prime treasure—(so esteemed). How they dug and scraped, and fought tooth, and spade, and nail, and trowel, and tomahawk for gold! Their shirts were wet through with sweat, yet they felt no fatigue. Their trousers were sheets of clay, yet they suffered no sense of dirt. The wounded man recovered a portion of his strength, and thirsting for gold brought feeble hands but indomitable ardour to the great cause. They dug, they scraped, they bowed their backs, and wrought with fury and inspiration unparalleled; and when the sun began to decline behind the hills, these four human mutes felt injured. They lifted their eyes a moment from the ground, and cast a fretful look at the great tranquil sun.

"Are you really going to set this afternoon the same as usual, when we need your services?"

"Would you know why that volkish yell of triumph? Would you see what sight so electrified those gloating eyes and panting bosoms! Would you realize that discovery, which in six months peopled that barren spot with thousands of men from all the civilized tribes upon earth, and in a few years must and will make despised Australia a queen among the nations—nations who must and will come with the best thing they have, wealth, talent, cunning, song, pencil, pen, tongue, arm, and lay them all at her feet for this one thing?"

"Would you behold this great discovery the same in appearance and magnitude as it met the eyes of the first discoverers, picked with a knife from the bottom of a calabash, separated at last by human art and gravity's great law from the meaner dust it had lurked in for a million years?"

"Then turn your eyes hither, for here it is."

A sketch of a digger's knife, with the gold dust resting on its blade, concludes this sketch.

The story we should only spoil by attempting to describe: it is sufficient to say there are incidents and contrasts of every kind to gratify the most ardent pursuer of the marvellous and pathetic.

*The History of a Man.* Edited by George Gilfillan. Hall, Virtue, and Co.

How much of this book is fact, and how much fiction, it will puzzle any reader to make out. The bulk of the story seems to consist of recollections of the editor's own life, at home, at school, at college, and in his literary and professional career. There is no difficulty in marking many passages as truthful records of the history and the experience of the impulsive, independent, and eccentric George Gilfillan. The story of his early life and of his education at Glasgow college contains interesting matter, and the sketches of some of the notable personages of his time will be recognised by Scottish readers as faithful and spirited portraits. The concluding chapters on the progress of religious opinions, and on the developments of rationalism, secularism, and infidelity of late years, introduce subjects to which Mr. Gilfillan has devoted much attention, and which he is able to handle with considerable skill and power. His comments on the works of Newman, Bailey, Carlyle, and other recent freethinkers,

have a higher object than mere literary entertainment. But we refrain from stirring up any of these turbid topics, in order to give what space we can spare to extracts from more pleasant portions of the volume. Passing over the early chapters, we begin with the recollections of college life at Glasgow, and among the sketches of the celebrities of the time the best is that of Sir D. K. Sandford, the Greek professor:—

"Sir Daniel Keyte Sandford was the son of Bishop Sandford of Edinburgh. After studying at Oxford, where he was contemporary with the Earl of Derby, and occasionally carried away from him the palm of scholarship, he was appointed, at the age of twenty-one, Professor of Greek in Glasgow College, and threw himself into the duties of the chair with all the ardour of his ambitious and energetic nature. He had succeeded Professor Young, a man distinguished, according to the testimony of his students, and some of them became more eminent than himself, for the energy of his enthusiasm, and the splendour of his eloquence. Lockhart, in his 'Peter's Letters,' describes him as in one moment discussing, with all the coolness of an acute and wary philologist, some point or particle of the Grecian tongue, such as *ἀπα*, and, in the next, hurried away by the recollection of a passage of poetry in which that particle occurred, into fine excursions of criticism, illustration, fancy, and eloquence. Young was a genuine enthusiast; he admired to passion all excellence, and used to weep like a child, now under Kean's acting, and now under Chalmers' oratory. As a teacher, however, he was partial; indeed, he was only professor to a small and superior section of his class, leaving the rest to gaze in blank astonishment, souring often into disgust with the entire study. He has left nothing behind him, except a criticism on Gray's 'Elegy,' in the manner of Johnson, which I never read.

"Sandford, although young, brilliant, and flattered, possessed at first a considerable portion of common sense, and showed it by having the resolution to form, and the firmness to continue, an entirely different system from his predecessor. He set himself to teach all his students, and to drill some of them like a village schoolmaster. With the utmost patience and perseverance, he led them through the driest details of the Greek Grammar. He was rather strict in his discipline, and exactive in his requirements. I have seen him tower up into terrible passions, sometimes for no reason or a very slight one; and remember him once threatening to 'cut the soul out of the body' of some student who had offended him. He had a pale face, not unlike Byron's, an eye rather heavy than bright; but when angry, his countenance gleamed and glared like that of a Lucifer. Many called him a 'sublime coxcomb'; and Jamy Miller, the Professor of Mathematics, used to say that Glasgow College had come to a sad pass, when it had got a gauger and a puppy for its professors of Latin and Greek. Sandford had, however, admirable points, and contrived, strict as he was, to awaken in his students that fine spring of generous emulation which, once stirred, slumbers no more. He showed, amidst all his coxcombery, a genuine love of learning. This affected us! Greek, we saw, was his universe; 'and surely,' said his detractors, 'it must be a beautiful universe which can create such a tide of soul, even in a coxcomb'; while his admirers felt themselves sucked, by his 'glittering eye,' within the *mare magnum* of that noble language in which Homer rhapsodized, and Plato reasoned, and Demosthenes thundered, and Paul discoursed of 'righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come,' till at one time a Felix, and at another an Athens, trembled. \* \* \*

"I remember, with especial interest, his readings of Homer and the plays of Sophocles. There was, unquestionably, a spice of affectation in his manner; but as he went on, his enthusiasm mastered and sublimated it into genuine animation. His voice quivered with emotion; his arms, as they held the book, seemed to become winged

with ardent excitement; and a kind of spiritual radiance—a cold glory, like the soul of snow—broke forth from his pale face, which remained pale still. The tones in which he pronounced certain Greek words, such as *πολυλόβοιο βάλασσε*, or *αὐτὸν ἀριστέιν*, are still in my ears; and so is his deep yearning utterance of some of the wails of Medea, Agamemnon, Antigone, and Prometheus. I did not belong to any of these elder classes, but I often stole to enjoy an intellectual and imaginative treat.

"The effect of his exertions and eloquence was a great revival of Greek literature in Glasgow, and throughout Scotland, for the impetus he gave was felt in other universities; nay, was reflected upon the schools and seminaries of the country. Even his most ordinary students carried home a certain taste for learning to which they had before been strangers; and some of his favourite pupils, repairing to the English universities, gained high prizes and scholarships for themselves, and a new crown for the university whence they had come."

A narrative is then given of the events which led to Sandford being M.P. for Paisley. His parliamentary career was short and disastrous. His first speech was a philippic against Daniel O'Connell:—

"O'Connell had taken up his pencil to prepare to reply; but, after hearing a few sentences, threw it down with a contemptuous 'Pshaw!' which rang the knell to Sandford's hopes. Lord Althorpe, too, it is said, while the speech was going on, sent a bit of paper round the Treasury-bench, with the words—'Sir D. S. is a puppy.' The House, taking its cue from its leaders, laughed, talked, coughed, did anything but listen, till the close of his speech, when, to crown the discomfiture, Stanley rose, and partly in compassion, partly in contempt, threw over the crestfallen knight the shield of his eulogium. The great mistake of Sandford—wonderful in a man who had mingled so much with the upper ranks and the world generally—was that of confounding a popular with a parliamentary audience. The scholastic and laboured air of his oratory, besides the determination to *shine*, manifest in his every word and gesture—the want of solid strength and manhood in his matter—the vanity and irritability of his temperament—his awkward position as half professor and half member—and his rapid transition from the Liberal to the Conservative party—all contributed to his failure.

"He tried once or twice afterwards to rally against his ill-success, but with such manifest bitterness, and such a display of injured self-love, that he only succeeded in humbling himself farther. His health, too, began to suffer; and the result was that, after a few months, he was compelled to resign his seat and return to the chair, which he had prudently contrived to keep open as a *dernier resort*. Intensely chagrined, broken in constitution and in spirits, he came back to Glasgow, returning from public life as Lord Grenville—whose words I once heard Sandford quoting—said of himself, 'to Plato and the Iliad.' He resumed with all his characteristic diligence the duties of the Greek chair; he resumed too, his pen; and to his retreat from Parliament we owe some of his best droppings of criticism in 'Blackwood' and the 'Edinburgh Review,' inclusive of a striking picture of the ancient admirable Crichton, the Brougham of Athens, the ubiquitous, ambidextrous, all-sided Alcibiades."

The appearance of Thomas Campbell, on delivering the inaugural address as Lord Rector of the University, is described with spirit:—

"It was a high day in the College. The grave professors themselves, although some of them were keenly opposed to Campbell, seemed excited, in a measure, by the scene; and the students, especially those of us who had voted for him, were in a state of uncontrollable enthusiasm. How I longed to see the poet, whose poems I had read amidst the wilds of my birthplace, and most of which,

indeed, I had by heart! The Common Hall was crowded to suffocation. We students were fortunate in possessing, in our red gowns, a right of *entrée*. It was Campbell's native city, and he had never, we think, made a public appearance there before. He had left it a poor youth, and now returned in the full blaze of fame, and to be received with rapture by the *élite* of its inhabitants. I was lucky enough to get into a position within a yard of the head of the seat which he occupied. I saw the pale, thin, sensitive-faced poet, with those black beaming eyes, rising up to bespeak the breathless assembly. I noticed that tremble in his voice and manner of which his biographer speaks in describing this scene, which left him, however, as he proceeded. I remember the effect produced by some of his better passages. When he said, for instance, that he was 'far from wishing to damp the spirit of the *boy-poet*,' a hundred young ingenious faces instantaneously sparkled up as if in a gleam of sudden sunshine, and a hundred hearts beat out a whisper, 'Perhaps I may be a Campbell and a Lord Rector yet.' I noticed a certain dryness in the looks of the professors—the preliminary prayers of the Principal seemed coldly said; and I was told that at some of the more ambitious passages, such as that in which he describes the various accomplishments and attainments of the poetic mind, like the various colours 'blending into the white light of inspiration,' a sneering smile was seen to pass over Sandford's countenance. The speech was, on the whole, as a composition, slight and hurried, and was compared unfavourably with Lord Brougham's elaborate address, delivered two years before; although I heard poor Tom Atkinson, the bookseller and poet, truly saying, in his own shop an hour after, that there were some things in Campbell's speech that Brougham never could have said, at the same time mousing out, in his usual theatrical style, the opening sentence of Jeffrey's rectorial oration, 'On an occasion on which Burke is reported to have faltered, and Adam Smith to have remained silent, will might it have become me to have followed the example of the latter.'"

We suspect the gleanings of Campbell's 'Table-Talk' in the succeeding pages to be apocryphal; and also the conversation said to have taken place with Dr. Andrew Thomson about Robert Burns. The Colloquies with Christopher North we equally regard as imaginary, but they are ably written, and the spirit of the 'Noctes Ambrosianæ' has been happily caught in some of them. Speaking of Campbell, Wilson is made to say:—

"He has wondrous genius; and as a lyric yields only, in Scotland, or in England, Ireland, and the modern world, to Burns and to Schiller. His is true 'Greek fire'; so chaste and pure, as well as keen and ardent. In his better Odes, and in portions of 'Gertrude of Wyoming,' I could no more think, or dare, to alter one of their words, than I durst dream of dashing out a star from the Pleiades, or of cutting away his belt from Orion. Nor was this perfection the effect of polish merely, but of the patrician nature of his genius. How a boy from the High-street of Glasgow could ever, and so early, display a taste as refined as that of Athens in her best age, I can in no other way explain. His 'Pleasures of Hope,' full as it is of youthful falsetto and flourish, is full also of this innate aristocracy; its very bombast is regal. The mystical fudge of the imitators of Coleridge and Shelley has kept Campbell out of sight of late; but the 'star that bringeth home the bee,' will reappear again in her own meek western hermitage. What can be better, more graceful, more elegant, yet unpretending and simple in its beauty, than such love-stanzas as those to 'Caroline!' What cultured strength, again, like 'beechwood in the blast,' in his stanzas on a 'Scene in Bavaria!' What tremulous finish in his lines on 'Painting,' and his 'Field Flowers!' What chastened prophecy, what subdued inspiration, like the half-unfolded wing of an angel, in his 'Lines to Emigrants!' What light but unspeakably beau-



tiful touches in 'Gertrude' like the stealthy strokes of a superhuman artist, anxious to be unknown, yet unable to resist the temptation of leaving the beauty-marks of heaven on the canvas! And what Horatian daring in his 'Lines to Kemble!' Homeric daring in his 'Hohenlinden,' and 'Lochiel's Warning!' and Dante-like daring in his 'Last Man!' The critic must be a senseless fellow who classes Campbell with such an elegant moth as Rogers, such a bright butterfly as Moore, or even with Beattie and Gray, whom he incomparably excels both in beauty and in power.'

At a later period Mr. Gilfillan seems to have studied at Edinburgh, and gives sketches of the great characters of the Scottish metropolis. Two men are described as then rising into notice; the ill-health of one of whom has darkened a life of bright promise, and the other has already passed away after a brief but brilliant career—Samuel Brown and Edward Forbes:—

"This winter I went occasionally to a short course of lectures given in conjunction by two young men of great promise—Samuel Brown and Edward Forbes. Edward Forbes, since the well-known Professor of Natural History, first in King's College, London, and afterwards, till his premature and lamented death, in Edinburgh, was then a conspicuous character on the streets and in the saloons of the Modern Athens. He was a thin, sharp-faced youth, with long black hair, and was often seen walking arm in arm with one Cunningham—a promising geologist, long since dead, whose hair, as profuse as Forbes', but of a bright yellow colour, formed a piquant contrast. Both belonged to a gay and brilliant clique of young philosophers, who called themselves the 'Order of Truth,' and wore a particular badge, consisting of a red riband, with a silver triangle, inscribed with the three Greek initial letters  $\epsilon. o. \mu.$ , which were supposed by the initiated to stand for  $\epsilon\pi\omega\varsigma, \delta\iota\omega\varsigma, \mu\acute{\alpha}\theta\eta\varsigma$ . Forbes was an interesting, if hardly an eloquent lecturer. His forte was distinct, exhaustive statement, both of principles and facts. His powers of classification and research were compared by his friends to those of Cuvier, and had he lived, he might probably have fulfilled their prophecy. He was in private, I understood, a very delightful person. Samuel Brown was much more of the enthusiast and the man of genius. He had a pale, sickly, but expressive face, immense elasticity of body, a voice not strong, but musical, and which, as he went on, became tremulous with impassioned enthusiasm—language dashed with a slight affectation of Coleridgeism—and, latterly, of Carlyleism, but copious, adventurous, and highly eloquent—and a manner in which you did not know whether more to admire the abandonment and impulse—the torrent and tempest of feeling—or the taste, tact, and temperance which gave the whirlwind an aspect of 'smoothness.' Some of his highly-wrought passages and perorations produced greater effects on his audience than anything I almost ever heard. I saw even mechanics become pale, then flush like fire, and then get pale again, as he was 'sounding on his dim and perilous way,' especially once when he was describing the possible annihilation of the universe, he the while annihilating all sound and breath in his hearers, and leaving them conscious of nothing but a voice, warbling the elegy of the vast All. He had, even then his detractors, who accused him of conceit, clap-trap, affectation; but they, too, were sometimes obliged to feel, if they did not acknowledge, the power and charm of his eloquence. I never heard him again till his appearance at the Great Philosophic Feed in Edinburgh, November, 1846. This course of lectures was not successful. Neither he nor Forbes was then sufficiently known, and there were more people inclined to wonder, at the presumption of the two young men than to appreciate their eloquence, insight, knowledge, and genius."

Of Edinburgh, apart from its physical features, the book gives no very flattering ac-

count, especially as regards the tone of its present literary and intellectual life. But of this Mr. Gilfillan's judgment may be deemed little worth, seeing how he names in the same sentence Christopher North and Sydney Yendys! Few of the recent or actual notables of Edinburgh are natives of the place:—

"Chalmers was from Fife, and St. Andrews had been his Alma Mater. Wilson was a Paisley man, and had been educated in Glasgow. Andrew Thomson, of St. George's, was born in Sanquhar. At present, almost all the celebrities of the modern Athens were originally natives of the provinces. Dr. Guthrie is a Brechin man; John Bruce is from the same place; Professor Blackie is an Aberdonian; Candlish is from the West, and so we think is Cunningham; Alexander Smith and Sydney Yendys, both now resident in Edinburgh, were both born in other parts of the land; Hugh Miller comes from Cromarty. With the exception of Hume, Jeffrey, and Sir Walter Scott, Edinburgh has never reared a really great literary character. Nor has she appreciated some of the greatest of Scotland's children. Carlyle was laughed out of her, not for his infidelity, and his stern dogmatic conceit, but for his oddities. Wilson was long looked at with an ungracious eye, had to fight his way inch by inch, and is even yet, by the general Edinburgh public, rated far below Macaulay, who should have been a native of Edinburgh, for he is, next to Jeffrey, the express image of that city, both in its merits and in its vital deficiencies. What has checked and chilled original genius in the capital of Scotland, has been the prevalence and the fear of criticism. Lockhart, in his 'Life of Scott,' has truly and graphically described the talk of the notables in Edinburgh as remarkable for its cold acuteness; its elaborate and incessant discussion of logical points; its want of heart, geniality, and abandonment."

Not altogether in keeping with this opinion of Lockhart, nor with Sydney Smith's story about his overhearing his neighbours in a quadrille talking metaphysically about "love in the abstract, Mr. Gilfillan reports that—

"Intellectual puppyism, in short, is, and has long been, the crying sin of Edinburgh coteries. An eternal stream of small-talk goes on about phrenology, physical science, mesmerism, music, and art; and the talk, on all such subjects, is generally as shallow as it is endless. 'Have you been at the Exhibition?' 'Have you heard the new singer at the Italian Opera?' 'Have you seen the fine new picture of Noel Paton's?' are the perpetual questions."

Amidst much that is offensive in style, as well as trifling and foolish in matter, it will be seen from the foregoing extracts that Mr. Gilfillan's book has passages that will afford entertainment to literary readers.

#### *Fashionable Life; or, Paris and London.*

By Mrs. Trollope. 3 vols. Hurst and Blackett.

FASHIONABLE Life in Paris and London promises a pretty wide range for a novelist, and Mrs. Trollope is a writer who ought to make good use of such a subject. Taking as the heroine a rich heiress, the only daughter of a city millionaire, she introduces her into society in both capitals, and, after describing a variety of events that befel her, marries her to the younger son of a noble house, with whom she had become acquainted in the early part of the story. It is only in the beginning of the first volume, however, and at the end of the third, that the Hon. Henry Octavius Hamilton appears on the scene. The cause of his disappearance, and of his not sooner being united to Clara Holmwood, the young, rich,

and beautiful heiress, forms the peculiar feature in this, as distinguished from multitudes of otherwise similar tales. Having gained the affections of Clara, and drawn her to declare her preference to an extent that would have been unseemly in a woman of less wealth and attractiveness, the young man draws back in an unexpected and perplexing manner. Clara, now an orphan, as well as her aunt, and an aged clergyman, who had been her tutor, and is her Mentor throughout the story, come to the conclusion that family pride is the real bar to the union. It turns out in the end that the conjecture was only partially right, the pride being of a somewhat refined and visionary kind. Hamilton personally cared nothing for mere birth, and would have married a tradesman's daughter as soon as a peeress in her own right, but he had a morbid fear lest this match might be ascribed to mercenary motives, and scandal thereby be brought upon his own family. His father, though an earl, was poor, and he was the eighth child. Had Clara been poor he would have married her at all hazards, but being rich he shrunk from the match, making himself unhappy and her unhappy, the result of a mixed feeling of honourable sense of duty and foolish regard to the opinions and remarks of the world. Tearing himself away from the scene of his perplexity, he goes to settle in Australia, and, apparently, there is an end of the affair. The story then goes on to narrate the incidents of Clara's life, first in London and then in Paris, whither she goes in company with a widow and her young daughter, Lady Amelia and Miss Annie Wharton, the alliance being formed on terms of mutual benefit, Lady Amelia giving the *prestige* of her name and the *entrée* into Parisian society, while Miss Holmwood's wealth provided the means for carrying on their campaign. They agreed well, and a pleasant circle was formed, with the account of the members of which the larger part of the tale is occupied. Besides balls, dinner parties, the opera, and other entertainments, Mrs. Trollope finds in spirit-rapping, table-turning, and religious discussion, themes for filling up various chapters. An old English baronet, an uncle of Lady Amelia, introduces agreeable visitors, one of whom, a young Frenchman, becomes the lover of Annie Wharton. When the time for serious proposal and business arrangements arrives, it appears that Victor Dornmont is only a clerk in a Joint-Stock Mining Company, such as the mania for speculation is constantly calling into existence. The names of the directors, however, were most distinguished, and the company was generally regarded as one of the most flourishing of the day. Clara, who was deeply interested in the welfare of her friend Annie, in an evil hour was induced by one of the directors to advance money to make Victor a partner in the concern. She signed her name without the knowledge of any of her own friends. Victor was married, and all went merry as a marriage bell for about a year. Without going into details, it is enough to tell that then the crash came, the commercial bubble burst, Victor, who knew nothing of the secretly-given signature, killed himself on finding that his benefactress was involved to the extent of her whole fortune, and a general break-up of the Parisian circle takes place. Clara, with her friends, take refuge in the village of which she had purchased the living for her old tutor as soon as she had come into possession of her property. With what was saved from the



wreck of her wealth they contrived to make themselves contented and comfortable in this reverse of fortune. It so happened that the squire of the parish was an old college friend of Hamilton, and he had written to him the romantic story, without dreaming how near the subject of it was to his correspondent. In due time Hamilton is in England at the side of his still loved and still loving Clara, and explanations take place, one scene of which we give, as describing, in Mrs. Trollope's own words, the mainspring of the plot of the tale:—

"Why, Clara! Why should we ever again attempt to delude each other? I have ventured to tell you, dearest, many strange truths. I have told you, that though I loved, I had not sufficient strength of character to marry you, while you were rich, and I was poor. I think not that I should have yielded to this feeling, which after all was but a very pitiful one, I think not that I should have yielded to it, had I stood alone. But the idea of my poor father mastered me! He had endured so many difficulties amongst us all, rather than submit to anything in the way of assistance, which he deemed derogatory to his long-cherished nobility, that I had not courage to do what might bring an imputation on his disinterested character, as well as on my own. I had seen one active young brother after another doomed to gentlemanlike poverty, rather than accept of any occupation that compromised his aristocracy; and to be the first of my race who should act as a free man, instead of submitting slavishly to be a noble one, required a firmness of character which, at that time, I certainly did not possess. Had you been poor, my position would have been comparatively free from difficulties; for such was my opinion of the almost sublime superiority of your character, when compared with that of any other woman with whom I had ever conversed, and so great was my confidence in my own firmness and courage, that I was quite capable of imagining and proposing the very wildest schemes of philosophical poverty and independence that ever entered the head of an enamoured boy to conceive! But the energy and freedom of spirit which this sort of independence required, was of a very different quality from that which would have enabled me to tell my father and my brothers that they were mistaken in their notions respecting what was really noble, and what a very small fraction of the human race had agreed amongst themselves to call so. I was at that time utterly incapable of venturing to utter such doctrines in a circle so dear to me, but where I knew that every voice would be raised against me."

"And do you think these voices would be heard on the contrary side, were you to propose to marry me now, and that for no other reason than because I have lost my fortune? returned Clara, shaking her head with rather a melancholy smile."

"Even so, the opposition would now cease to be of the same painfully suspicious nature. They would no longer shrink from the connexion from the idea that money was more precious in my eyes than an unsullied name."

How far the illustration of this preference is worth being made the subject of a novel our readers may now judge for themselves. In managing the incidents of the tale the writer's usual skill is shown, and her usual power of depicting disagreeable as well as agreeable characters. Of the former there is a very repulsive group in the family of the doctor who attended Clara's father in his last illness, and ingratiated himself so far as to be appointed the guardian of the heiress. Till she came of age a miserable life she led in the house of Doctor Brixbourg, and his vulgar wife and ambitious daughter. Mrs. Trollope always seems to find pleasure in dwelling upon disagreeable personages of this kind. We should mention that a momentary inter-

ruption to the quiet tenor of the close of the tale arises from the arrival of a friend of Victor Arnaud, with the signature of Clara rescued from the archives of the mining company. So she is a great heiress after all, but Hamilton is wiser now, and his love is not diminished by the convenient accompaniment of wealth. All this makes a readable story in the hands of a writer so experienced as Mrs. Trollope; but there is too much of the didactic and narrative style, as distinguished from the dramatic, in the dialogue, and somewhat tedious disquisitions are too often spoken and written by the personages of the tale. Neither does the book fulfil the expectations suggested by the title-page, of a novel either satirical or descriptive of 'Fashionable Life.'

#### *Life of George Washington.* By Washington Irving. Vol. III. H. G. Bohn.

HAVING fully noticed the early portion of this work on the appearance of the first two volumes ('L. G.' 1855, p. 387; 1856, p. 115), we have now merely to report the progress of the narrative. The first volume brought the story of the revolutionary war down to the battle of Bunker's Hill, concluding with a review of the state of affairs at that juncture. The second volume related the events that occurred from the time of Washington being appointed to the command of the American army down to the close of the year 1779. In the third volume the events of the war become more and more exciting, and the biography of Washington is merged more thoroughly in the history of the time. Still in the foreground of every political and military scene appears the noble figure of the soldier patriot. Americans may well be proud of the manner in which the story of their war of independence is being now told, whilst Englishmen may be pleased that what to them is humiliating in the course or issue of the conflict is narrated by a writer so generous and sympathising as Washington Irving.

At the close of 1776, the British commanders, after being out-generalled, attacked, and defeated, had been nearly driven out of the Jerseys, and were now hemmed in and held in check by Washington and his handful of men "castled among the heights of Morristown." In England the Tory statesmen continued to talk contemptuously of the rebels, and even their own friends looked on the struggle with little anticipation of success:—

"The news of Washington's recrossing the Delaware, and of his subsequent achievements in the Jerseys, had not reached London on the 9th of January. 'The affairs of America seem to be drawing to a crisis,' writes Edmund Burke. 'The Howes are at this time in possession of, or able to awe the whole middle coast of America, from Delaware to the western boundary of Massachusetts Bay; the naval barrier on the side of Canada is broken. A great tract is open for the supply of the troops; the river Hudson opens a way into the heart of the provinces, and nothing can, in all probability, prevent an early and offensive campaign. What the Americans have done is, in their circumstances, truly astonishing; it is indeed infinitely more than I expected from them. But, having done so much for some short time, I began to entertain an opinion that they might do more. It is now, however, evident that they cannot look standing armies in the face. They are inferior in everything—even in numbers. There seem, by the best accounts, not to be above ten or twelve thousand men at most in their grand army. The rest are militia, and not wonderfully well composed

or disciplined. They decline a general engagement; prudently enough, if their object had been to make the war attend upon a treaty of good terms of submission; but when they look further this will not do. An army that is obliged at all times, and in all situations, to decline an engagement, may delay their ruin, but can never defend their country.'

By this time, however, Cornwallis and the Howes had begun to hold "the undisciplined rebels" in greater respect, and the style, fruits of the Fabian policy of Washington were soon to appear. The negotiations for the exchange of prisoners after the affair of Trenton, and the determination shown by Washington to secure equal terms and treatment on both sides, gradually led to the war being conducted according to civilized and systematic usages. On the subject of the alleged cruelties inflicted on the American prisoners about this period, Mr. Irving inclines to the belief that the reports were not exaggerated, though he exculpates the British generals. After referring to the correspondence between Lord Howe and General Washington, he says:—

"We have quoted this correspondence the more freely, because it is on a subject deeply worn into the American mind; and about which we have heard too many particulars, from childhood upwards, from persons of unquestionable veracity, who suffered in the cause, to permit us to doubt about the fact. The Jersey Prison-ship is proverbial in our revolutionary history; and the bones of the unfortunate patriots who perished on board, form a monument on the Long Island shore. The horrors of the Sugar House converted into a prison, are traditional in New York; and the brutal tyranny of Cunningham, the provost marshal, over men of worth confined in the common jail, for the sin of patriotism, has been handed down from generation to generation."

"That Lord Howe and Sir William were ignorant of the extent of these atrocities we really believe, but it was their duty to be well informed. War is, at best, a cruel trade, that habituates those who follow it to regard the sufferings of others with indifference. There is not a doubt, too, that a feeling of contumely deprived the patriot prisoners of all sympathy in the early stages of the Revolution. They were regarded as criminals rather than captives. The stigma of rebels seemed to take from them all the indulgences, scanty and miserable as they are, usually granted to prisoners of war. The British officers looked down with haughty contempt upon the American officers who had fallen into their hands. The British soldiery treated them with insolent scurrility. It seemed as if the very ties of consanguinity rendered their hostility more intolerant, for it was observed that American prisoners were better treated by the Hessians than by the British. It was not until our countrymen had made themselves formidable by their successes that they were treated, when prisoners, with common decency and humanity."

The early months of 1777 found Washington busily occupied in levying troops to replace the constantly fluctuating militia. To get supplies as well as reinforcements his whole energies were tasked, and the earnest calls for the support of the government remind us of Wellington's similar appeals when left to his own resources in the Peninsula:—

"It is not in my power," he writes, "to make Congress fully sensible of the real situation of our affairs, and that it is with difficulty I can keep the life and soul of the army together. In a word, they are at a distance; they think it is but to say *præto*, begone, and everything is done; they seem not to have any conception of the difficulty and perplexity of those who have to execute."

With which side, however, ultimate victory

would rest, the simple facts referred to in the following paragraph gave assurance. It was the old battle of the Puritans and the Cavaliers fought over again on American ground, and the training of the patriot troops of Washington was akin to that which enabled Cromwell to resist and overcome the fiery valour of Rupert:—

"A striking contrast was offered throughout the winter and spring between the rival commanders, Howe at New York, and Washington at Morristown. Howe was a soldier by profession. War with him was a career. The camp was for the time, country and home. Easy and indolent by nature, of convivial and luxurious habits, and somewhat addicted to gaming, he found himself in good quarters at New York, and was in no hurry to leave them. The Tories rallied around him. The British merchants residing there regarded him with profound devotion. His officers, too, many of them young men of rank and fortune, gave a gaiety and brilliancy to the place; and the wealthy royalists forgot, in a round of dinners, balls, and assemblies, the hysterical alarms they had once experienced under the military sway of Lee.

"Washington, on the contrary, was a patriot soldier, grave, earnest, thoughtful, self-sacrificing. War, to him, was a painful remedy, hateful in itself, but adopted for a great national good. To the prosecution of it all his pleasures, his comforts, his natural inclinations and private interests were sacrificed; and his chosen officers were earnest and anxious like himself, with their whole thoughts directed to the success of the magnanimous struggle in which they were engaged.

"So, too, the armies were contrasted. The British troops, many of them perchance slightly metamorphosed from vagabonds into soldiers, all mere men of the sword, were well clad, well housed, and surrounded by all the conveniences of a thoroughly-appointed army with a 'rebel country' to forage. The American troops, for the most part, were mere yeomanry, taken from their rural homes; ill sheltered, ill clad, ill fed, and ill paid, with nothing to reconcile them to their hardships but love for the soil they were defending, and the inspiring thought that it was their country. Washington, with paternal care, endeavoured to protect them from the depraving influences of a camp. 'Let vice and immorality of every kind be discouraged as much as possible in your brigade,' writes he in a circular to his brigadier-generals; 'and, as a chaplain is allowed to each regiment, see that the men regularly attend divine worship. Gaming of every kind is expressly forbidden, as being the foundation of evil, and the cause of many a brave and gallant officer's ruin.'

Among the difficulties of the American commander-in-chief, not the least urgent was the procuring good officers, or men who had any experience in the technicalities of war. Foreigners now had begun to seek admission into the army, expecting that they would at once obtain rank corresponding to what they had held in their own countries:—

"Some came with brevet commissions from the French government, and had been assured by Mr. Deane, American commissioner at Paris, that they would have the same rank in the American army. This would put them above American officers of merit and hard service, whose commissions were of more recent date. One Monsieur Ducoudray, on the strength of an agreement with Mr. Deane, expected to have the rank of major-general, and to be put at the head of the artillery. Washington deprecated the idea of entrusting a department on which the very salvation of the army might depend, to a foreigner, who had no other tie to bind him to the interests of the country than honour; besides, he observed, it would endanger the loss to the service of General Knox, 'a man of great military reading, sound judgment, and clear perceptions. He has conducted the affairs of that department with honour to himself and advantage

to the public, and will resign if any one is put over him.'

Ignorance of the English language was another obstacle to the employment of foreign officers:—

"'They seldom,' writes Washington, 'bring more than a commission and a passport; which we know may belong to a bad as well as a good officer. Their ignorance of our language, and their inability to recruit men, are insurmountable obstacles to their being engrafted in our Continental battalions; for our officers who have raised their men, and have served through the war upon pay that has not hitherto borne their expenses, would be disgusted if foreigners were put over their head; and I assure you, few or none of these gentlemen look lower than field officers' commissions.'

After describing Conway, an Irish officer, who had been long in the service of France, and was made general of brigade by Washington, a confidence which was grossly and treacherously abused, Mr. Irving mentions a name that will be ever remembered with honour:—

"A candidate of a different stamp had presented himself in the preceding year, the gallant, generous-spirited Thaddeus Kosciuszko. He was a Pole of an ancient and noble family of Lithuania, and had been educated for the profession of arms at a military school at Warsaw, and subsequently in France. Disappointed in a love affair with a beautiful lady of rank with whom he had attempted to elope, he had emigrated to this country, and came provided with a letter of introduction from Dr. Franklin to Washington.

"'What do you seek here?' inquired the commander-in-chief.

"'To fight for American independence.'

"'What can you do?'

"'Try me.'

"Washington was pleased with the curt, yet comprehensive reply, and with his chivalrous air and spirit; and at once received him into his family as an aide-de-camp. Congress shortly afterwards appointed him an engineer, with the rank of colonel. He proved a valuable officer throughout the Revolution, and won an honourable and lasting name in our country."

Lafayette is another officer here honourably distinguished, though at the time the cause of some embarrassment to the commander-in-chief:—

"Lafayette, in his memoirs, describes a review of Washington's army which he witnessed about this time. 'Eleven thousand men but tolerably armed, and still worse clad, presented,' he said, 'a singular spectacle; in this parti-coloured and often naked state, the best dresses were hunting shirts of brown linen. Their tactics were equally irregular. They were arranged without regard to size, excepting that the smallest men were the front rank; with all this, there were good-looking soldiers conducted by zealous officers.'

"'We ought to feel embarrassed,' said Washington to him, 'in presenting ourselves before an officer just from the French army.'

"'It is to learn, and not to instruct, that I come here,' was Lafayette's apt and modest reply; and it gained him immediate popularity.

"The marquis, however, had misconceived the nature of his appointment; his commission was merely honorary, but he had supposed it given with a view to the command of a division of the army. This misconception on his part caused Washington some embarrassment. The marquis, with his characteristic vivacity and ardour, was eager for immediate employ. He admitted that he was young and inexperienced, but always accompanied the admission with the assurance that, so soon as Washington should think him fit for the command of a division, he would be ready to enter upon the duties of it, and, in the mean time, offered his services for a smaller command. 'What the designs of Congress respecting this

gentleman were, and what line of conduct I am to pursue to comply with their design and his expectations,' writes Washington, 'I know not, and beg to be instructed.'

"It was intimated to Washington, that he was not bound by the tenor of Lafayette's commission to give him a command; but was at liberty to follow his own judgment in the matter. This still left him in a delicate situation with respect to the marquis, whose prepossessing manners and self-sacrificing zeal inspired regard; but whose extreme youth and inexperience necessitated caution. Lafayette, however, from the first, attached himself to Washington with an affectionate reverence, the sincerity of which could not be mistaken, and soon won his way into a heart, which, with all its apparent coldness, was naturally confiding, and required sympathy and friendship; and it is a picture well worthy to be hung up in history—this cordial and enduring alliance of the calm, dignified, sedate Washington, mature in years and wisdom, and the young, buoyant, enthusiastic Lafayette.

"Washington rode at the head of the troops attended by his numerous staff, with the Marquis Lafayette by his side. The long column of the army, broken into divisions and brigades, the pioneers with their axes, the squadrons of horse, the extended trains of artillery, the tramp of steel, the bray of trumpet and the spirit-stirring sound of drum and fife, all had an imposing effect on a peaceful city unused to the sight of marshalled armies. The disaffected, who had been taught to believe the American forces much less than they were in reality, were astonished as they gazed on the lengthening procession of a host, which, to their unpractised eyes, appeared innumerable; while the Whigs, gaining fresh hope and animation from the sight, cheered the patriot squadrons as they passed.

"Having marched through Philadelphia, the army continued on to Wilmington, at the confluence of Christiana Creek and the Brandywine, where Washington set up his head-quarters, his troops being encamped on the neighbouring heights."

We have not space to give any detailed account of the subsequent movements of this army, but turn now to mark the fate of the army with which Burgoyne had invaded the North. Immediately before the final catastrophe there occurred some incidents which are related by Mr. Irving with much effect, such as the scene at the burial of General Fraser, who had been killed in the battle of the 7th October:—

"Burgoyne saw that nothing was left for him but a prompt and rapid retreat to Saratoga, yet in this he was delayed by a melancholy duty of friendship: it was to attend the obsequies of the gallant Fraser, who, according to his dying request, was to be interred at six o'clock in the evening, within a redoubt which had been constructed on a hill.

"Between sunset and dark, his body was borne to the appointed place by grenadiers of his division, followed by the generals and their staffs. The Americans seeing indistinctly what, in the twilight, appeared to be a movement of troops up the hill and in the redoubt, pointed their artillery in that direction. 'Cannon-balls flew around and above the assembled mourners,' writes the Baroness Riedesel, who was a spectator from a distance. 'Many cannon-balls flew close by me, but my whole attention was engaged by the funeral scene, where I saw my husband exposed to imminent danger. This indeed was not a moment to be apprehensive for my own safety. General Gates protested afterwards, that had he known what was going on, he would have stopped the fire immediately.'

"We have the scene still more feelingly described by Burgoyne:—

"'The incessant cannonade during the ceremony; the steady attitude and unaltered voice



with which the chaplain officiated, though frequently covered with dust which the shot threw up on all sides of him; the mute, but expressive mixture of sensibility and indignation upon every countenance; these objects will remain to the last of life upon the mind of every man who was present. The growing darkness added to the scenery, and the whole marked a character of that juncture which would make one of the finest subjects for the pencil of a master that the field ever exhibited. To the canvas and to the faithful page of a more important historian, gallant friend! I consign thy memory. There may thy talents, thy manly virtues, their progress and their period, find due distinction! and long may they survive, long after the frail record of my pen shall be forgotten!"

At nine P.M., the funeral being over, the retreat commenced:—

"The rain fell in torrents; the roads were deep and broken, and the horses weak and half-starved from want of forage. At daybreak there was a halt to refresh the troops and give time for the bateaux laden with provision to come abreast. In three hours the march was resumed, but before long there was another halt, to guard against an American reconnoitring party which appeared in sight. When the troops were again about to march, General Burgoyne received a message from Lady Harriet Ackland, expressing a wish to pass to the American camp, and ask permission from General Gates to join her husband."

Major Ackland, of the Grenadiers, had been severely wounded in the action and taken prisoner. Burgoyne was astonished at the proposal of Lady Harriet, but her affection and heroism were rewarded by safely reaching her husband, and being received by General Gates "with all the humanity and respect that her rank, her merits, and her fortune deserved." Her passage that night down the river in an open boat, her being challenged by the American outposts, and her arrival in the camp, form a romantic episode in the sad chapter of the fate of Burgoyne's army. The dangers to which other women in the retreating army were exposed are described from the narrative of the Baroness de Riedesel, who has given graphic sketches of what she saw and endured. Burgoyne was at last brought to bay on the shore of the Hudson.—

"Burgoyne was now reduced to despair. His forces were diminished by losses, by the desertion of Canadians and royalists, and the total defection of the Indians; and on inspection it was found that the provisions on hand, even upon short allowance, would not suffice for more than three days. A council of war, therefore, was called of all the generals, field-officers, and captains commanding troops. The deliberations were brief. All concurred in the necessity of opening a treaty with General Gates, for a surrender on honourable terms. While they were yet deliberating, an eighteen-pound ball passed through the tent, sweeping across the table round which they were seated.

"Negotiations were accordingly opened on the 13th, under sanction of a flag. Lieutenant Kingstons, Burgoyne's adjutant-general, was the bearer of a note, proposing a cessation of hostilities until terms could be adjusted.

"The first terms offered by Gates were, that the enemy should lay down their arms within their intrenchments, and surrender themselves prisoners of war. These were indignantly rejected, with an intimation that, if persisted in, hostilities must recommence.

"Counter-proposals were then made by General Burgoyne, and finally accepted by General Gates. According to these, the British troops were to march out of the camp with artillery and all the honours of war, to a fixed place, where they were to pile their arms at a word of command from their own officers. They were to be allowed

a free passage to Europe upon condition of not serving again in America, during the present war. The army was not to be separated, especially the men from the officers; roll-calling and other regular duties were to be permitted; the officers were to be on parole, and to wear their side-arms. All private property to be sacred; no baggage to be searched or molested. All persons appertaining to or following the camp, whatever might be their country, were to be comprehended in these terms of capitulation.

"The British army, at the time of its surrender, was reduced by capture, death, and desertion, from 9000 to 5752 men. That of Gates, regulars and militia, amounted to 10,554 men on duty; between 2000 and 3000 being on the sick-list, or absent on furlough.

"By this capitulation, the Americans gained a fine train of artillery, 7000 stand of arms, and a great quantity of clothing, tents, and military stores of all kinds."

The tidings of the capitulation of Burgoyne led to important results on European politics as well as on the progress of the war. The action of the French cabinet was greatly quickened, and the conclusion of the treaty, for which Franklin was the chief negotiator, was hastened. Sir William Howe was shortly afterwards superseded by Sir Henry Clinton, who assumed the command at Philadelphia, where the British army was closely watched by Washington. The leading events of this period of the war are well known to all readers of history. The storming of Stony Point is the last scene described in the present volume. We conclude with a letter in which the mode of life at American headquarters is sketched, a letter, says Mr. Irving, which is "almost the only instance of sportive writing in all Washington's correspondence." It is addressed to Dr. John Cochrane, the surgeon-general and physician of the army:—

"Dear Doctor,—I have asked Mrs. Cochrane and Mrs. Livingston to dine with me to-morrow; but am I not in honour bound to apprise them of their fare? As I hate deception, even where the imagination only is concerned, I will. It is needless to premise that my table is large enough to hold the ladies. Of this they had ocular proof yesterday. To say how it is usually covered is more essential; and this shall be the purport of my letter.

"Since our arrival at this happy spot, we have had a ham, sometimes a shoulder of bacon, to grace the head of the table: a piece of roast beef adorns the foot; and a dish of beans or greens, almost imperceptible, decorates the centre. When the cook has a mind to cut a figure, which I presume will be the case to-morrow, we have two beefsteak pies, or dishes of crabs, in addition, one on each side of the centre dish, dividing the space and reducing the distance between dish and dish to about six feet, which, without them, would be about twelve feet apart. Of late he has had the surprising sagacity to discover that apples will make pies, and it is a question, if, in the violence of his efforts, we do not get one of apples instead of having both of beefsteaks. If the ladies can put up with such entertainment, and will submit to partake of it on plates once tin but now iron (not become so by the labour of scouring), I shall be happy to see them."

The repulse of the French general D'Estrating, at Savannah, and subsequent disasters, put an end to the hopes that Washington had formed of co-operation from the French fleet in an expedition against New York. Sir Henry Clinton was encouraged by the same events to assume the offensive, and the year 1779 closed with more uncertainty as to the issue of the well-sustained contest.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

- A Manual for the Genealogist, Topographer, Antiquary, and Legal Professor, consisting of Descriptions of Public Records, Parochial and other Registers, Wills, County and Family Histories, Heraldic Collections in Public Libraries, &c. &c.* By Richard Sims, of the British Museum. John Russell Smith.
- Southern Africa: a Geography and Natural History of the Country, Colonies, and Inhabitants from the Cape of Good Hope to Angola.* By the Rev. Francis Fleming, M.A., F.R.G.S. Hall, Virtue, and Co.
- The Poetical Works of the late Alfred Johnstone Hollingsworth. With the Life of the Author.* Vol. I. Saunders and Otley.
- Outlines of Theoretical Logic.* Designed for a Text-book in Schools and Colleges. By C. Mansfield Ingleby, M.A. Cambridge: Macmillan and Co.
- The Seven Kings of Rome: an Easy Narrative abridged from the First Book of Livy.* By Josiah Wright, M.A. Macmillan and Co.
- Pebbles from Parnassus.* Laver.
- The Sporting Capabilities of Ireland.* By a Deputy Lieutenant of the County of Waterford. Dublin: Hodges, Smith, and Co.

ONE of the most formidable obstacles to original historical research, has been the great difficulty which the inquirer has experienced in determining where and how to seek for his materials. The materials themselves have from age to age been stored up in rich variety and ample abundance; but their very extent has too often prevented their being made generally available, from the want of guide-books which would declare at once their nature and their place of deposit. In his *Manual for Genealogists*, Mr. Sims has provided a very admirable literary chart, precisely of the character most required, and eminently calculated to be of real utility and value. This volume advances boldly in front of many other important works of the same class which have of late made their appearance, and, by a judicious system of classification, combined with simplicity of plan, it has been enabled to concentrate within its pages a truly astonishing amount of information. The various records, charters, rolls, collections, and documents, of whatsoever kind, which are preserved in our public depositories, are carefully described, and their principal contents are clearly set forth. Manuscripts and printed books are alike included within the author's comprehensive plan; and his lists consist of selections from works of either class, so formed as to comprise the most important authorities which bear upon each division of his subject. To attempt more than to form such a selection was impossible within the limits which had been fixed for this volume; for, so numerous are the written memorials which past ages have bequeathed to us, that a mere catalogue of them, with our various historical publications, complete alike in every department and in all details, would form a work of ample size, and could only be produced by the conjoint labours of many persevering compilers extended over a prolonged period. The great merit of Mr. Sims' book is derived from the discriminating judgment with which its contents have been selected from the vast mass of materials which furnished them, no less than from their extent, variety, and lucid arrangement. The book itself may be designated a General Index to the General Indexes of British Documentary Remains; and as such it will secure to the author the grateful acknowledgments of every student who is either a "genealogist, a topographer, an antiquary, or legal professor," or one who delights to derive historical information from the very fountain-head of the great stream of history.

Mr. Fleming's book on Southern Africa does not profess to be an original narrative of travel, so much as a compiled description of the country, from the Cape of Good Hope to Angola. Some years' experience, however, as a missionary have qualified the author for the work, and enabled him to select authentic and useful information for the guidance of travellers, emigrants, and temporary residents in the districts described. A very good map by J. Arrowsmith is prefixed to the volume, which is also illustrated, we cannot say embellished, by some barbarously executed woodcuts, from good designs supplied by the author.

Volume I. of the Posthumous Poetical Works of Alfred Johnstone Hollingsworth contains only a slight instalment of a threatened deluge of verse.



The editor tells us that "it is only about a third part, about 4000 lines of his latest and largest work, 'Childe Ercenwold,' the whole of which consists of about 10,000 to 12,000 lines." Further, the editor announces his purpose of publishing all the smaller manuscripts after the 12,000 lines of 'Childe Ercenwold' are completed. "More than two years," he adds, "have been occupied in making arrangements and in deciphering the little that we now bring before the public." If Mr. Hollingsworth were alive there might be a chance of the editor being relieved from his labour, and of reviewers being saved from the task of perusing so voluminous. But a will and a bequest of the author render the publication imperative. Mr. Hollingsworth even provides for the allotment of the profits of his works, making no question as to the certainty of their large sale. 'Childe Ercenwold' is a lay supposed to be sung by an exiled Saxon minstrel after the Norman conquest. There are some really good passages in the first part of the poem, but dispersed rarely through interminable pages of irregular rhyme. The brief biographical memoir prefixed to the poem will be read with interest, as it gives the outlines of a strange and sad little tragedy of true life; if the whole history of Alfred Hollingsworth be not an ingenious invention for the purpose of a preface, and poet and editor both mythical personages. But the expense of printing the volume in the handsome manner in which it is brought out renders the explanation given the more credible, and Mr. E. Melladew, a Baltic merchant, not unknown in the City, vouches for the authenticity of the latter part of the story of the poet, with whom he became acquainted at Wisby, in the island of Gothland.

In compiling his Outlines of Theoretical Logic, Mr. Ingleby has taken advantage of the discoveries and researches of the late Sir William Hamilton, and founds his system mainly on the new analytic of that distinguished philosopher. The treatise being confined to Logic proper, or the formal laws of the syllogism, does not embrace the doctrine of Modals, nor the exposition of Enthymemes and Sorites. Most of the ordinary treatises on logic invade the domains of Language, Rhetoric, and Philosophy. Mr. Ingleby keeps constantly in view that Logic proper deals only with terms and propositions as symbols, without reference to the subject matter or the meaning of the language. The explicit quantification of the predicate, the solution of opposed propositions, and the reduction of the thirty-six moods in each figure to nine essential moods, are among the distinguishing characteristics of the treatise. In the treatment of logical opposition and the principle of the congruity of syllogisms some novelty will be found. As a text-book for schools or colleges, the Outlines of Mr. Ingleby have some advantages over other books on the subject; but we must add, that the simplification of some of the processes in this system will confirm the opinions of those who maintain the comparative inutility of theoretical logic, except as an academic exercise.

A new Latin Construing Book is compiled by Mr. Josiah Wright, head master of Sutton Coldfield Grammar School, from the early chapters of Livy, embracing the story of the Seven Kings of Rome. Without reference to the legendary or historical nature of the facts of the narrative, there is no doubt that the first book of Livy is admirably fitted for exercising beginners in construing, from the simplicity and purity of the style. Mr. Wright has appended copious notes, expository and critical, but eschewing historical illustration or discussion.

The little volume of verse, published under the modest alliterative title of Pebbles from Parnassus, contains some pieces of merit, and those which are less marked by literary art still possess the spirit of true poetry. The June Song, and the lines on Children at Play among the Tombs, we like best of the minor pieces.

The author of the little treatise on the Sporting Capabilities of Ireland maintains that game of all kinds ought to exist in far greater abundance, and points out the best mode of increasing the resources of the island in this respect. The principle is simply

to keep down all vermin,—when game will inevitably get up. It is said that the Irish peasantry have a superstitious regard for weasels and such small deer, and refrain from molesting them. The results of more relentless treatment of vermin in various localities are described in this treatise. Paying so much per head of vermin brought in, is the best way to get rid of beasts and birds of prey. The introduction of several kinds of game now unknown in Ireland could be easily effected. On the fishing of Ireland the author also gives some interesting statements. How far the encouragement of sporting will lead to social evils among the classes not concerned in the benefits or amusements connected with game, is kept out of view by the writer. In some parts of Ireland the landlords have enough to do to live peaceably without any fresh cause of ill-will on the part of the peasantry.

#### New Editions.

*Lays from the Mine, the Moor, and the Mountain.* By John Harris. Second Edition. With several additional Poems. Heylin.

*Warren's Receipt Book for the People, containing a Collection of Valuable Confectionery Receipts, with General Information How to Get a Living, and for all Classes to do well in the World.* Second Edition. Warren.

*Le Théâtre des Ecoles. L'Avare et le Maître de Danse.* Comédie en Deux Actes, en Prose. Second Edition. Dulau and Co.

Of the Lays from the Mine, the Moor, and the Mountain, by John Harris, we spoke with warm praise on their first appearance ('Lit. Gaz.' 1853, p. 1190), and are pleased to find that the artless verses of the Cornish miner have met with more favour than falls to the lot of most books of poetry in these times. Additional pieces are now published, which confirm our former opinion as to the merit of the poems. While some crudeness of style and errors of taste appear in the verses of the Cornish miner, he has the heart of a true poet, and, what is better, of an honest and devout man.

M. de Liancourt's plan of a select *théâtre des écoles* deserves encouragement, and may be turned to good account for educational purposes. Every one knows how well suited dramatic dialogue is for giving expression as well as facility in French conversation, with the additional advantage of amusing and thereby securing the attention of pupils. We lately had under our notice a complete manual of French instruction, composed entirely of extracts from Molière. Nothing could be preferable, yet there is scope for new compositions directed to the same object, and the present comedy partly imitated from Goldoni, and partly original is one which may be introduced into schools.

#### Miscellaneous, Pamphlets, &c.

*An Analysis of the Statistics of the Clearing House during the year 1839: with an Appendix on the London and New York Clearing Houses, and on the London Railway Clearing House.* By Charles Babbage, Esq., F.R.S. Murray.

*Remarks on the Feasibility and Advantages of Opening up a Communication between the East Coast of the Peninsula of India and the Cotton Districts of Nagpore.* By Lieut. Col. Grimes. Allen and Co.

*The Church of England Schoolmaster.* By the Rev. John Freeman, M.A. Longman and Co.

*Remarks on the Morality of Dramatic Compositions: with particular Reference to 'La Traviata,' &c.* Chapman.

MR. BABBAGE'S brochure on the statistics of Clearing-houses, now an important department of banking and other commercial business, comprises the reprint of a paper on the Clearing-house, read before the Statistical Society, and an appendix of documents on kindred subjects. Among these supplementary papers is an account of the system on which the business at the London Clearing-house is conducted, reprinted from a statement formerly drawn up for the Economy of Manufactures. From the 'United States Economist' is given a report by Mr. George Lyman, the manager of the Clearing-house at New York. Some notice is also given of the Railway Clearing-house, from a pamphlet by its director, Mr. K. Morison. "The success of this establishment," Mr. Babbage remarks, "renders it highly probable that some analogous system of organization might be applied with great advantage to other departments of commerce or of government."

The navigation of the River Godavary by steamers, as suggested by Lieut.-Col. Grimes, would materially assist in developing the resources of that region of India. For the details of the plan we must refer those who are interested in the subject to the pamphlet, the writer of which was for many years stationed at Nagpore, and is well acquainted with the localities described and referred to. The absence of over-sanguine feeling or of exaggerated statement gives us some confidence in Colonel Grimes' judgment:—"I believe," he says, "most undertakings of the sort have rather to be supported than return a profit in their earlier stages; and although this holds out prospects and advantages which may constitute it an exception, yet, when we consider that a great part of the country through which the line would pass is in a wild uncultivated state; that there are few or no towns which can at present be considered places of trade on the whole route, though doubtless many which would soon become so; and that Coringa, or whatever town in the bay to which the line might be taken, has not as yet the advantages of a seaport, regularly resorted to as an emporium of commerce, the hope of large profits must be prospective. All this must be established by degrees. The absence, however, of such advantages only increases, in my opinion, the desirableness of improving the coasting trade as an aid to the river navigation. That the undertaking would in the end return large profits I have not a doubt; nor have I a doubt that it can prove otherwise than most valuable to India as well as to England. To India, from the stimulus it would afford to the production of cotton and other raw produce, by offering a cheap and certain outlet for them, and by bringing within reach a market for innumerable other articles, now either wholly neglected, or only partially cultivated from the want of opportunity of disposing of them. And to England, from being the means of increasing the supply of that material upon which the prosperity, and even existence, of so large a portion of her manufacturing population depends." The inland terminus and dépôt of the line of navigation Colonel Grimes proposes should be Kemptee, a large military cantonment on the right bank of the river Kanhan, within nine miles of the city of Nagpore.

The remarks on the Qualifications of a Church of England Schoolmaster, by the Rev. John Freeman, the biographer of the venerable Kirby, the entomologist, are arranged under the heads of,—1. Aptness for Teaching. 2. Perseverance. 3. Patience. 4. Industry. 5. Love of Order. 6. Benevolence. 7. Sound Judgment. 8. Fairness. 9. Cheerfulness. 10. Pliability. 11. Humility. And, 12. Piety. Has Mr. Freeman ever met with a schoolmaster possessed of all these cardinal virtues? However, there is nothing like aiming high, and the rule of perfection must be stated, however far poor mortals in every sphere of life fall short of it. Mr. Freeman's discourse abounds in sensible and suggestive matter, and teachers of either sex will derive advantage from its perusal.

The tone and object of the Remarks on the Morality of Dramatic Compositions may be gathered from the concluding sentences:—"In a dramatic composition, popular in this summer of 1856, the heroine—a lady, a princess,—is made to say, that if she were jealous she would transform herself into a wild beast, and revel in tearing her victim limb from limb. And the long and loathsome tirade in which these demoniacal, super-naturally atrocious sentiments—so dangerous and corrupting in their influence and tendency—are expressed, was approvingly quoted by admiring critics. And while the Tartuffes and Pharisæes strain at such gnats as *La Traviata*, they can bolt such camels as *Medea*, harness and all." The writer of the Remarks thinks that the vocation of the journalists who have condemned *La Traviata* is less reputable than that of the unfortunate class referred to in the story, "the hiring of the mind to support any cause, irrespective of its justice or injustice, being the vilest of prostitution." The writer, apparently some youthful disciple of the

'Westminster Review' school, thinks that science is the product of education and other accidental circumstances, and maintains sundry other startling assertions, such as that "patriotism is an imposition and a sham," and "the present system of society is rotten from the summit to the base."

#### List of New Books.

American Slavery, &c., 8vo, cloth, 5s.  
Barry's (A.) Old Testament, Part I., crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.  
Boyd's (H. V.) Voice from Australia, 2nd edition, 16mo, cl., 2s. 6d.  
Bress' (S. C.) Glossary of Architecture, 8vo, cloth, 10s. 6d.  
Calvert's Wife's Manual, 2nd edition, post 8vo, cloth, 10s. 6d.  
Dumas' Cardinal Mazarin, 12mo, boards, 2s.; cloth, 2s. 6d.  
Fleming's (Rev. F.) Southern Africa, post 8vo, cloth, 10s. 6d.  
Forrest's (R.) Illustrated Handbook of Military Engineering, cl., 5s.  
Gifford's Gallery of Literary Portraits, Vol. I., 8vo, cloth, 5s.  
Go'e's (Mrs.) Sketches of English Character, 12mo, boards, 2s.  
Harry Odell, by J. Grant, fcap. 8vo, cloth, 2s.  
Hinchelliff's (Rev. E.) Barthomley, 8vo, cloth, 15s.  
Keach's (R.) Exposition of the Parables, 8vo, cloth, 12s. 6d.  
Knight's History of England, Vol. I., 8vo, cloth, 5s.  
Law, the Financier, his Scheme, &c., 12mo, cloth, 2s. 6d.  
Malan's Vindication of the Authorised Version of the Bible, Pt. 2, 3s.  
— Ditto, complete, 8s. 6d.  
Pacha of Many Tales, 12mo, boards, 1s. 6d.  
Parsons' (Rev. B.) Life, 8vo, cloth, 10s. 6d.  
Richmond's Annals of the Poor, illustrated, cloth, gilt, 3s. 6d.  
Russett's Chit Chat, fcap., cloth, 4s.  
Sim's (R.) Manual for the Genealogist, &c., 8vo, cloth, 15s.  
Smith's (Sidney) Principles of Equity, 8vo, cloth, 41s. 6d.  
— (S. C.) Pictures of Life, 12mo, boards, 2s.  
Squire's (R.) Walks, 12mo, sewed, 1s.  
Wilkie's Popular Tales, post 8vo, cloth, 10s.  
Wise's Tales for Marines, 12mo, boards, 1s. 6d.  
Wilder's Hymns and Songs, fcap. 8vo, cloth, 5s.  
Woodward's (S. P.) Manual of Mollusca, 12mo, cl., 6s. 6d.; bd., 5s. 6d.

#### ARTICLES AND COMMUNICATIONS.

##### THE LATE REV. DR. BUCKLAND.

THE announcement of the death of Dr. Buckland will be recorded with regret in scientific annals, though he has been for some years removed from public life by mental disease. With the history of modern geology his name will ever be conspicuously associated, and great has been his influence on the advancement of that young and vigorous branch of science in this country.

William Buckland, the eldest son of the Rev. Charles Buckland, Rector of Templeton and Trusham, county of Devon, was born at Axminster, March 12th, 1784. After receiving his early education at Winchester school, in 1801 he entered Corpus Christi College, Oxford, as a scholar on the Exeter foundation. He took his degree of B.A. in 1805, and in 1808 was elected a Fellow of his College. From early life he showed zeal in the study of natural history, and at College had the reputation of considerable attainments in mineralogy and geology.

In 1813, Dr. Buckland was appointed reader in mineralogy to the University of Oxford, and in the same year he joined the Geological Society. His first published memoir in the 'Transactions' of the Society was written conjointly with Dr. Conybeare (now Dean of Llandaff), 'Descriptive Notes of a Tour in Ireland, with Sections of Fifty Miles of the Irish Coast,' which appeared in the third volume of the 'Transactions.' The papers read in several successive years attest the activity of Dr. Buckland in geological pursuits, and indicate the subjects which specially occupied his attention. In March, 1815, he gave a 'Description of an Insulated Group of Rocks of Slate and Greenstone in Cumberland and Westmoreland, near Appleby.' (Vol. iv. p. 105.) In January, 1816, he gave a 'Description of a Series of Specimens of the Plastic Clay near Reading, Berks, with Observations on the Formations to which these Beds belong.' (Vol. iv. p. 277.) In March of the same year, a paper was read 'On the Paramandra, a singular Fossil Body found in the Chalk of the North of Ireland, with General Observations upon Flints in Chalk, tending to illustrate the History of their Formation.' (Vol. iv. p. 413.) In 1818 he was appointed Reader in Geology at Oxford, and his influence from this time in diffusing a taste for scientific pursuits was greatly felt in the university. By his lectures, which were marked by lucid exposition and comprehensive views, and by the Geological Museum, which was indebted to his zeal for its chief attractions, a taste for geology sprung up in Oxford. In the same year he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society.

The startling announcements of geologists as to the age of the earth, and the supposed discrepancy between their doctrines and the Mosaic record, at this time engaged much attention, and Dr. Buckland, from his position, seemed almost called upon to give some public explanation. In 1820, he delivered before the University of Oxford a lecture, afterwards published under the title of 'Vindiciæ Geologicæ, or the Connexion of Geology with Religion vindicated.' Besides the general defence of the science in this lecture, Dr. Buckland attempted to demonstrate that the facts discovered by it are reconcilable with the scriptural accounts of the Creation and of the Deluge. How far Dr. Buckland's lecture was either original or satisfactory on these points may now be questioned, but the defence was at the time beneficial, and removed from many minds the jealousy that had been springing up against the modern school of geology.

Meanwhile Dr. Buckland was occupied with a variety of practical observations and researches. In May, 1820, he read before the Geological Society a 'Notice on the Geological Structure of Part of the Island of Madagascar,' founded on a collection transmitted to Lord Bathurst by Governor Farquhar in the preceding year, and also 'Observations on some Specimens from the Interior of New South Wales, collected during Mr. Oxley's Expedition to the river Macquarie, in the Year 1818.' (Vol. v. p. 476.) In the same volume is published a memoir 'On the Quartz Rock of the Lickey Hill, in Worcestershire, and of the Strata immediately surrounding it.' The principal interest of this paper lay in the supposed evidences of a recent deluge, afforded by the gravelbeds of Warwickshire and Oxfordshire, and of the valley of the Thames from Oxford to London. An appendix contained analogous proof of diluvial action, gathered from various authorities.

In 1822, he communicated to the Royal Society the well known account of the Fossil Remains at Kirkdale, Yorkshire, a memoir for which the Society awarded to him the Copley Medal. This paper was extended the next year into his treatise on the 'Reliquiæ Diluvianæ,' or observations on organic remains attesting the action of a universal deluge. The progress of discovery led to the rejection of some of his conclusions on this subject by men of science, and Dr. Buckland himself retracted many of his opinions. The reputation gained in this field, however, probably was the chief ground of his being afterwards selected as one of the Bridgewater essayists.

One of the most valuable of Dr. Buckland's contributions to practical geology was a paper on 'The South-Western Coal District of England,' published in the 'Geological Transactions' for 1825. This descriptive memoir is still referred to as a standard work in science. In the same volume appears a paper 'On the Excavation of Valleys by Diluvial Action,' as illustrated by a succession of valleys which intersect the South Coast of Dorset and Devon; and 'Notes on the Megalosaurus,' or great fossil lizard of Stonesfield. (Vol. xxi. p. 390.) Among Dr. Buckland's subsequent communications to the Geological Society, paleontological subjects occupied a prominent place. We give a list of the papers printed in the second and third volumes of the second series of the Society's 'Transactions':—

'On the Formation of the Valley of Kingsclere, and other Valleys, by the Elevation of the Strata that enclose them; and on the Evidences of the Original Continuity of the Basins of London and Hampshire,' (ii. 11.) 'Geological Account of a Series of Animal and Vegetable Remains, and of Rocks, collected by J. Crawford, Esq., on a Voyage up the Irawadi to Ava in 1826 and 1827; and W. Clift, Esq., F.R.S.' 'On the Fossil Remains of two New Species of Mastodon, and of other Invertebrated Animals found on the left bank of the Irawadi,' (ii. 24, 25.) 'On the Cycadeoides, a Family of Fossil Plants found in the Oolite Quarries of the Isle of Portland,' (ii. 27.) 'Observations on the Secondary Formations between Nice and the Col di Tendi,' (iii. 8.) 'On the Dis-

covery of a New Species of Pterodactyl in the Lias at Lyme Regis,' (iii. 11.) 'On the Discovery of Coprolites, or Fossil Fæces, in the Lias at Lyme Regis, and in other Formations; and a Letter from Dr. Prout to Dr. Buckland respecting the Analysis of the Fossil Fæces of Ichthyosaurus, and other Animals,' (iii. 12, 13.) 'On the Occurrence of Agates in Dolomitic Strata of the New Red Sandstone Formation in the Mendip Hills,' (iii. 19.) 'On the Discovery of Fossil Bones of the Iguanodon in the Wealden Formation of the Isle of Wight and in the Isle of Purbeck,' (iii. 20.)

Most of these Memoirs are accompanied by plates. The fourth volume contains a Memoir by Dr. Buckland, and Sir H. De la Beche 'On the Geology of the Neighbourhood of Weymouth, and the adjacent parts of the Coast of Dorset,' with a large coloured map and coloured sections. Of the Paleontological Papers, one which excited at the time the greatest interest, was that 'On the Discovery of Coprolites at Lyme Regis,' with the announcement of the origin of these before mysterious deposits. In 1825, Dr. Buckland resigned his Fellowship of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, which he had held since 1808, being presented to the College living of Stoke Charity, in Hampshire, and soon after was promoted to a Canonry of Christ Church, marrying in the same year a daughter of Mr. Morland, of Sheepstead House, Abingdon. In 1832 he was President of the British Association at its first meeting in Oxford. In 1836 appeared the Bridgewater Treatise 'On Geology and Mineralogy, considered with reference to Natural Theology.' We have been told that the long delay in the appearance of this work, the last published of the series, arose from the author having destroyed the whole of his manuscript after it was completed, and re-written it more to his own satisfaction. With the exception of the Bridgewater Treatise, and the work 'On the Geological Evidences of the Deluge,' the only separate publication of Dr. Buckland's with which we are acquainted was 'A Sermon on the Sentence of Death at the Fall,' published in 1839. Of the papers published elsewhere than in the 'Transactions' of the Royal and the Geological Societies, the most important was one 'On the Structure of the Alps,' in the 'Annals of Philosophy,' in which he showed, for the first time, the comparatively recent origin of some of the crystalline rocks of that region.

Dr. Buckland became a Fellow of the Geological Society, as we have already stated, in 1813. He was twice President of the Society, and his anniversary addresses on these occasions are printed in the Society's Journal. He was also a Fellow of the Linnean. In 1847 he was appointed a Trustee of the British Museum, in the geological collection of which he had long taken an active interest, having procured for it some of the finest paleontological specimens which are among its treasures. Of the institution of the Museum of Practical Geology he was also one of the active promoters.

In theological learning Dr. Buckland showed no unusual attainments, and his ecclesiastical preferences he owed to his general reputation as an author and man of science. To the Deanery of Westminster he was appointed by Sir Robert Peel in 1845, on the promotion of Dr. Samuel Wilberforce to the see of Oxford. In obtaining for the public greater facilities for inspecting the monuments in the Abbey, and in other proposals that came before the venerable and conservative Chapter, the influence of the liberal Dean proved of good service.

With respect to the habits and character of Dr. Buckland, much might be collected from the numerous anecdotes which are rife amongst his friends. It would, however, be as difficult to convey to a stranger an adequate idea of his personal characteristics as it would be superfluous, considering the large circle of associates to whom they are abundantly known, and by whom they will long be remembered. We might, indeed, recall the local gossip which used to tell of his adventures with that geological celebrity of Lyme Regis, Mary Ann Anning, in whose company he was to be seen



wading up to his knees in search of fossils in the blue lias—of his breakfast-table at his lodgings there, loaded with beefsteaks and belemnites, tea and terebratulæ, muffins and madrepores, toast and trilobites, every table and chair, as well as the floor, occupied with fossils, whole and fragmentary, large and small, with rocks, earths, clays, and heaps of books and papers—his breakfast-hour being the only time that his collectors could be sure of finding him at home, to bring their contributions and receive their pay; of his dropping his hat and handkerchief from the mail, to stop the coach and secure a fossil; of the old woman who, finding him asleep on the top of a coach, relieved his pockets of a quantity of stones, judging from his conversation that he was a madman, about to drown himself; of his travelling-carriage, built extra strong for the heavy loads it had to carry, and fitted up in the forepart with a furnace and implements for assay and analysis. We might also remind our readers of scenes in the Geological Section of the British Association, when the rise of Dr. Buckland was the signal for general hilarity, as he proceeded to draw forth from a blue bag, filled with oddities not always of a purely scientific kind, his quaint specimens, accompanied by quainter descriptions, gradually drawing from their learned reserve his amused associates, and inspiring the circle with the geniality of a temper that even then began to border upon eccentricity. Those *Notæ Geologicæ*, too, at Somerset House, will long be memorable, when Sedgwick, and Lyell, and Owen, with other great men now no more, used to meet in animated debate, Buckland ever among the foremost in the friendly fray! And so has passed away another of the select band which Sir Roderick Murchison, himself a worthy survivor, loves to call the "Old Guard" of geology.

#### ROMAN ARMY SURGEONS.\*

PROFESSOR SIMPSON'S pamphlet on the Roman army surgeons is a neat classical feather in the author's medical cap. The late Sir George Ballingall, Professor of Military Surgery in the University of Edinburgh, asked Dr. Simpson one day whether the Romans had regular army-surgeons. He had made the same inquiries in various quarters without satisfactory replies. Dr. Simpson turned his attention to the subject, and the result was a statement, which was privately printed and circulated at the time, and is now revised and extended for publication. In none of the common works on Roman antiquities, as in those of Rossini, Kennett, Adam, Smith, Ramsay, is there any information to be found on the subject. Nor are there in the Roman classics themselves very distinct allusions to the medical arrangements of the army. "In fact, the only passages," says Dr. Simpson, "with which I am acquainted, relating at all to the subject, consist of a casual remark in one of the military epistles of Aurelian; two incidental legal observations contained in the law writings of Modestinus, and in the Codex of Justinian; an allusion by Vegetius to the medical care and expense of the sick in camp; and an expression by Galen as to the opportunities for anatomical observation presented to the physicians during the German wars." After quoting and commenting on these several passages, Dr. Simpson refers to miscellaneous notices of military medicine and surgery in the Greek as well as Roman classics, from the days of Podalirius and Machaon, renowned in Homeric history. Monumental memorials have remarkably supplied the deficiency of direct literary evidence as to the medical staff of the Roman army, at least in imperial times. At Housteads, in Northumberland, a tablet was found, which the First Tungrian Cohort had raised to the memory of their *MEDICUS ORDINARIUS*. This tablet is in the Museum at Newcastle. "Several monumental and votive tablets have been discovered in other parts of the old Roman world, affording further evidence of the

Roman troops being provided with a medical staff. In Gruter's great work on Roman inscriptions, there are copies of at least three inscriptions, in which physicians of cohorts (*medici cohortum*) are mentioned. One of these inscriptions (p. 219, 3) bears the name of a physician who had the same nomen gentilicium as the medical officer of the Tungrian Cohort, who died at Housteads, viz., 'M. JULIUS INGENUUS MEDIC. COH. II. VIG.' The tablet, which was found at Rome, contains a votive imperial inscription from twelve or thirteen persons, and among others, from the physician to the second 'Cohors Vigilum.' Another of the inscriptions of Gruter is specially interesting in relation to its date, for it was cut at the commencement of the reign of Domitian, and in the year of the consulship of F. Flavius Sabinus, which year chronologists know to have been the eighty-third of the Christian era. We are, consequently, afforded evidence by this inscription that before the end of the first century, at least,—however much earlier,—medical officers were appointed to the Cohorts of the Roman army. The inscription itself is upon an altar or votive tablet, dedicated by *SEXTUS TITIVS ALEXANDER*, physician of the fifth Prætorian Cohort, to *Æsculapius*, and the safety of his fellow-soldiers. A copy of this altar and its inscription is given in the accompanying plate, fig. 2. The stone seems to have been found at Rome. Another altar, discovered also at Rome, and inscribed in the same terms to *Æsculapius*, is given by Gruter (p. 68, 2). In this instance, the dedicatory is *SEXTUS TITIVS*, medical officer to the sixth Prætorian Cohort, and he erects it for the health of the fellow-soldiers of his Cohort, in conformity with a vow which he had undertaken. Copies of the inscriptions on these altars are given in the pamphlet. Dr. Simpson has also collected, from various works on classical antiquities, many miscellaneous illustrations of Roman military medicine and surgery. With regard to the Roman navy, Dr. Simpson remarks that "the contingencies of a naval, as compared with a military life, render the preservation of such monumental proofs as we have already adduced in relation to the existence of army medical officers, much less likely in relation to the existence of medical officers in the fleet. Indeed, I am only aware of the discovery of one ancient tablet referring to the naval medical service. In his late splendid work on the Latin inscriptions found in the kingdom of Naples, Mommsen has given a careful copy of the tablet in question. The inscription upon it was first, I believe, published by Marini. The tablet itself, which is now placed in the antiquarian collection at Dresden, was originally discovered in the Elysian fields, near Baïæ; and consequently in the vicinity of the famous *Pontus Julius*, and the station of the imperial Misenian fleet. The inscription on the stone bears that *M. SATIRIUS LONGINUS*, physician to the three-banked ship or trirem, the *CUPID*, and those, or the heirs of those freed by Julia Venerias, his wife, erected the tablet to the manes of this deserving lady.

D. M.  
IVLIA VENERIE.  
M. SATIRIUS LONGIN  
MEDIC. DVPL. III. CVPID  
ET. IVLIA VENERIE LIBER  
HER. BEN. MER  
PECEB

"In the preceding inscription *LONGINUS* is designated *Medicus Duplicarius*. The term *duplicarius* in this as other inscriptions signifying that, by the length or superiority of his service, he was entitled to double pay and rewards. The 'duplex stipendium' and 'duplex frumentum' is repeatedly alluded to by Livy, Virgil, and other classical authors, as a military reward accorded to the more deserving soldiers and officers of the army; and the corresponding adjective '*duplicarius*' not unfrequently occurs in old Roman inscriptions." Dr. Simpson, by his varied learning, as well as his professional ability, restores something of the reputation which medicine gained from the Sydenhams, Heberdens, and Boerhaaves of other days.

#### GOSSIP OF THE WEEK.

GEORGE BUSK, Esq. F.R.S., has been elected Professor of Comparative Anatomy and Physiology to the Royal College of Surgeons, and Professor Quekett has been elected Conservator of the Hunterian Museum, *vice* Professor Owen, F.R.S., appointed Chief of the Natural History Department in the British Museum.

The University of Halle has conferred the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity on the Rev. William Cureton, Canon of Westminster, in consequence of services rendered to theological literature, in editing and illustrating the Arabic and Syriac MSS. of the British Museum. Yale College, U.S., has conferred the Degree of Doctor of Laws upon the Hon. Charles Sumner.

The Astley Cooper prize of 300*l.*, presented triennially through the College of Surgeons, has this year been awarded to Dr. W. B. Richardson, for his researches on the Coagulation of the Blood.

Mr. William Hasledine Pepys, the well-known philosophical-instrument maker of the Poultry, a Fellow of the Royal Society for nearly half a century, having been elected in 1808, died on Sunday last, in the eighty-first year of his age. He was chiefly distinguished for his chemical knowledge and acquirements, and was the author of various improvements in chemical apparatus. He sat on several occasions in the Council of the Royal Society, and contributed the following papers to the Society's Philosophical Transactions: 'A New Eudiometer, accompanied with Experiments, elucidating its Application,' 1807; 'On Respiration,' 1809 (W. Allen and Pepys); 'An Account of an Apparatus on a peculiar construction for performing Electro-magnetic Experiments,' 1823; 'On the Respiration of Birds,' 1829 (Allen and Pepys). Mr. Pepys was also a Fellow of the Linnean Society, and contributed, as late as 1843, to the 'Philosophical Magazine,' a paper 'On the Respiration of the Leaves of Plants.'

The Edinburgh obituary of this week contains the name of Dr. Boyd, one of the masters of the High School of that city, and a classical scholar of considerable reputation. James Boyd was a native of Paisley, where he received his early education. At Glasgow College he distinguished himself, gaining the Blackstone prize as the best Latin scholar of his year. In 1825 he was appointed House Governor of Heriot's Hospital at Edinburgh, and in 1829 one of the classical masters of the High School, an office which he filled with much ability. A biographical sketch in the 'Scotsman,' by a writer who seems to have known Dr. Boyd well, mentions various circumstances illustrative of the excellence of his character, and the esteem in which he was held by his pupils and by his fellow citizens. His literary labours were chiefly confined to editing works for educational use. In 1834, he prepared for the press an improved edition of 'Adam's Roman Antiquities,' which has been fifteen times reprinted. He subsequently edited 'Potter's Grecian Antiquities'; Anthon's 'Sallust,' with additional notes and examination questions; Anthon's 'Select Orations of Cicero,' with additional notes; Anthon's 'Horace,' with additional notes; Jacob's 'Greek Reader,' with additional matter; and last, but not least important or meritorious, Bishop Porteus's 'Summary of the Evidences of Christianity,' with definitions, synopses, and examination questions, supplied by the editor.

The twenty-third session of the 'Congrès Scientifique de France' will be held at Rochelle, and will open on the first of September. Among other interesting questions proposed for discussion are the following:—'What part did Santogne take during the long contentions of the French and English?'—'Are we acquainted with any documents relating to the ancient migrations to the coast of Armorica?'

The Bombay papers announce that a native gentleman has, through the medium of the Director of Public Instruction, offered a Prize of 500 rupees to the writer of the best Essay on the fol-

\* Was the Roman Army provided with Medical Officers? By J. Y. Simpson, M.D. Edinburgh: Sutherland and Knox.



lowing subject:—"Traits in the English character which contribute to the Commercial Prosperity of England, and those in the Indian which hinder that of India." The conditions are—1. The essay to be in English, not exceeding in size fifty pages of the 'Bombay Quarterly Review,' and to be accompanied by a free Gujarathie translation. Competition opened to all. 2. Each essay to bear a distinguishing motto, duplicate of which, with the writer's name attached, must accompany, in a separate sealed cover, addressed to the Director of Public Instruction. The essay to be sent in on or before the 1st of November next. 3. Any sentence or clause taken from any printed book, or from any composition not claimed as original by the writer of the essay, must be marked with inverted commas. 4. No prize to be awarded unless the best essay "be considered by the examiners a good contribution to Indian literature."

The successful ascent of Mount Ararat by five Englishmen, last month, is an event memorable more from the historical celebrity of the mountain, than from the physical difficulties of the performance. Already the fame of the exploit has spread throughout the East, the people of these regions having always believed the ascent to be impossible, and there is no record or tradition of the summit having ever before been reached. The height is said to be 17,223 feet above the level of the sea, and 14,300 above the plain; from base of cone to summit about 6000 feet. Lesser Ararat, which was also ascended by the same party, is 13,093 feet above the sea. The names of the adventurous Englishmen are Major Stuart, Major Alick J. Fraser, the Rev. Walter Thursty, Mr. James Theobald, Jun., of Winchester, and Mr. John Evans, of Darley Abbey, Derbyshire. Major Stuart, who writes the account sent to 'The Times,' states his belief that the summit is an extinct crater filled with snow, and the protruding rocks are described as presenting the marks of comparatively recent volcanic action. The rocky ridges are either basalt or tufa, and some bits of pumice were found on a spot near the summit, which still emits a strong sulphureous smell. We hope the travellers have brought away with them some fragments of the rocks for the satisfaction of geologists.

An appeal was lately made in behalf of the family of the late Henry Cort, the inventor of improvements in the iron manufacture, which have added vastly to the national wealth. It is intended that the case shall be brought next session before Parliament, and meanwhile the appeal is made to alleviate the immediate distress of the inventor's only surviving and aged son. Mr. Mushet, the secretary of the fund, says, "So many distinguished peers as well as commoners have amassed large fortunes, and are deriving princely revenues from the gratuitous use of the puddling furnace and grooved roller, that I am quite at a loss whether to attribute the continued disregard of these obligations to mere apathy or to actual ignorance of the arts which supply their riches." Mr. Mushet states that a contribution from iron masters, of one-twentieth part of a farthing in the pound on their profits for the last twenty-five years, would produce a sum amply providing for the family of the inventor to whom they chiefly owe their wealth.

During some recent repairs of South Burlingham Church, Norfolk, a curious mural painting has been laid bare by the scraping of the walls. The subject is Becket's murder, a very popular one in ancient ecclesiastical edifices in England. The painting is a fresco, and of much better execution than ordinary. From the costume in which the figures are represented, it appears to have been executed in the reign of Richard II., the characters, as was the practice with our ancestors, and, indeed, throughout Europe in the middle ages, being drawn in the costume of the day. Becket is depicted kneeling before an altar, on which stands a chalice. A cross-bearer, probably the faithful attendant, Edward Gryme, holds a processional cross in one hand, while the other is held up in horror at the sacrilegious outrage. Becket, in full attire for the

mass, is assailed by his murderers, who are all attacking him at once. One stabs the prelate with his sword, another is inflicting a gash with the edge of his weapon. He is armed also with a shield, charged with a bend engrailed between two crescents, all within a bordure engrailed. A third figure strikes the victim with an axe, his left hand grasping a dagger. This personage, by the *bear* on his shield, is clearly Fitz-Urse. A fourth figure is drawing his sword, a circular buckler hanging by his side. Two of the knights have vizors, and their hauberk of mail show beneath their tightly fitting jupons. Their feet have long pointed steel solerets, and their hands are defended by gauntlets. The swords are suspended from richly ornamented baldricks. It is very plain that the murder of Becket was once a very popular representation in our churches. In the church of Preston, in Sussex, a wall painting of this subject was discovered some years since, and was represented in *fac simile* in the 'Archæologia.' It is also represented on many mediæval seals and rings. A large silver thumb-ring, with the name of Nicholas de Chaddesden, was found in the Thames off Lambeth Palace about thirty years ago. It was engraved with a representation of the murder of Becket; and an ampuila of lead, apparently, by the costume of the figures, about coeval with the event, is stamped with a representation of the last scene in the life of the martyr bishop. This object is engraved in the second volume of the 'Proceedings of the Society of Antiquaries.' It was probably one of the ampuilas brought from Canterbury by a pilgrim to the shrine of Becket.

The Meeting of the National Reformatory Union at Bristol, this week, has attracted the attention merited by so important an institution. Lord Stanley's opening speech as President gave an excellent summary of the past proceedings of the Union, together with an historical survey of previous efforts in the same direction, and notices of similar philanthropic institutions in other countries. The objects of the National Reformatory Union are chiefly these four:—1. To collect and diffuse information bearing on the reformation of youthful offenders. 2. To promote the practical development of the reformatory system. 3. To consider and promote such legislative measures as are still required for the better care and reformation of juvenile offenders. 4. To assist in placing out, and the subsequent guardianship and protection of, young persons leaving reformatory institutions. A letter from Lord Brougham to Mr. Hill, the Recorder of Birmingham, was read to the Meeting, expressing deep interest in its proceedings, and regret at being prevented from being present. Lord Brougham, after claiming for the Philanthropic Society's Institution at Redhill, founded in 1788, priority over Mettray and other Continental reformatory establishments, says in his letter,—

"Nothing can be more candid than M. De Metz's admissions on all occasions of having profited by the experience and the suggestions of others, especially those of Wichern, founder of the *Rauhe-haus*, near Hamburg. But it is greatly to the honour of M. De Metz's sagacity that he perceived the advantages of the family principle where it had been adopted, as it probably was by the Philanthropic Society of London, from necessity and the want of accommodation, not designedly. He saw through its great importance, and voluntarily made it part of his system."

"I trust that the meeting will not separate without fully discussing and exposing the evils of short imprisonments. In the paper which I have sent you will find that this is dwelt upon as one exception among the errors into which Mr. Bentham fell upon the reformatory operation of penal inflictions. I well recollect how entirely he agreed with us upon this important point, when Sir S. Romilly and I were discussing with him what we took leave to regard as fundamental errors on other points. It really is of such paramount importance that it may be said to make all the difference between punishment being an evil or a remedy, a prevention or an encouragement of crime, a mitigation or an aggravation of its mischiefs."

"Among many other subjects which will of course be brought before the meeting, one surely is the error of some distinctions taken in the plans of the patronage societies that are formed. Some, I see, are confined to females, others to males, while the same might well take care of both. A more prevailing mistake is restricting our care to the young. There can be no reason why the same society should not charge itself also with adults, assuming, what I apprehend can hardly be disputed, that it is against all principle and all the results of experience to confine our labours to the cure of juvenile offenders."

Those who remember the condition of England under the old Poor Laws, and the confusion and complaints in the early years of the new system, will be gratified with the following statistics:—The sum expended for the relief of the poor in England and Wales for the half year ending Lady Day, 1855, was 2,036,785*l.*, of which 499,655*l.* was for in-door, and 1,537,130*l.* for out-door maintenance. In 1856, for the same half year, the sum was 2,098,655*l.*, of which 528,101*l.* was for in-door, and 1,570,554*l.* for out-door relief. The net increase on the half year was 61,870*l.*, or nearly 3 per cent. The number of paupers relieved on July 1, 1855, was 812,594*l.*, and on July 1, 1856, 795,111, showing a decrease of 2·2 per cent.

Between the two parts of the "People's Concert," at the Philharmonic Rooms, on Monday evening, Mr. Henry Mayhew gave a lecture on the Trials and the Heroism of the Poor, introducing anecdotes and sketches of character gathered during his benevolent and useful researches amongst the metropolitan population. The lecture was extremely interesting, and was listened to with much attention by a crowded audience. In a somewhat confused peroration, Mr. Mayhew spoke about the inherent nobility of poverty, and the essential excellence of wretchedness, which, he said, it was the express object of the Divine Mission eighteen hundred years ago to illustrate—the meaning of the speaker probably being, that moral worth is confined to no class of society, and that the virtues of the poor shine more conspicuously amidst the darkness of their worldly lot. Mr. Mayhew is one of a committee of gentlemen who have generously exerted themselves to establish these Monday Evening Concerts for the entertainment of the working classes. It is an excellent scheme, though the artistic part of the performances might be improved. Of this the Chairman of the evening was aware, as, in addressing the audience, he told them that by the attendance being sustained and increased, the means would be obtained for a higher class of musical entertainment.

The Institute of France held its annual sitting on Thursday, the 14th, in Paris, under the presidency of M. Berenger, President of the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences. What is called the Institute, consists of the five great Academies of France—*Française*, Fine Arts, Sciences, Inscriptions et Belles Lettres, and Moral and Political Sciences—which during the year meet apart, and pursue their respective walks with little or no communication one with another. The annual meeting of these learned bodies united is generally an affair of great interest, and this year it was not less so than usual. But it presented little that calls for special notice. M. Berenger, as President, delivered a long harangue, in which he touched on a multiplicity of subjects, literary, scientific, economic, governmental, &c. We see that, amongst other things, he stated that the different academies are in possession of a capital producing 6000*l.* sterling a year, for distribution in prizes, without counting 1200*l.*, which the government gives them to disburse in the same way. He said that the Academy of Sciences, in the course of last year, received not fewer than 165 manuscript treatises on scientific problems proposed by it for public competition; the *Académie Française* a far greater number on literary subjects which it proposed; and the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences thirty-four, most of them of great length, for a Manual of Political Economy for Workmen, which it demanded. And he entered in considerable detail into an examination of the recommendations of the different Academies, as to the disposal of the prize of 1200*l.* offered by the Emperor for the new work or discovery best calculated to do honour to the country; and he stated, with the same detail, the reasons which led the majority of the delegates of the Academies to award the prize to M. Fizeau, for his important and interesting experiments on the rapidity with which light travels. A report was then read, announcing the grant of various prizes

for philological works; one of the prizes of 487. was granted to M. Koelle, author of grammars (in English) in the Bournou and Vei languages of Africa, and another of the same amount to a priest named Boilat, of Senegal, for a Grammar and Dictionary of the Woloff language, also one of Africa. Papers were then read by M. Babinet, in the name of the Academy of Sciences, 'On Rain, and the Watering of the Terrestrial Globe,' by M. Couderc, in that of the Academy of Fine Arts, 'On Colouring,' and by Vicomte de Rougé, in that of Inscriptions et Belles Lettres, 'On an Egyptian Poem, by a Poet named Pen-ta-our, contemporary and favourite of Sesostris.' M. Viennet, as usual, closed the business of the day by reading, in the name of the Académie Française, a piece of verse of his own composition; it was entitled 'Épître à un Critique sur la Tragédie,' and was an earnest pleading in favour of that form of dramatic composition—a form which has fallen into great disfavour amongst the modern French, probably because they have not been able to equal, or even to approach, their ancient renown in it.

Mons. Regnault, well known for his researches in physical science, and at present Director of the Imperial Porcelain Manufactory at Sèvres, has recently met with an accident which, should it not prove fatal, will for a long time incapacitate him from his favourite pursuits. On the 7th August, wishing to make the chimney of his laboratory "draw," he stepped out on the roof with a piece of lighted paper, forgetting in his pre-occupation that the roof was in part formed by a skylight; through this skylight he unfortunately fell, and alighted on his feet on the floor below, a distance of about thirteen feet, but, staggered by the shock, he lost his footing, struck the corner of a wall, and fell senseless to the ground. Madame Regnault and a physician of Sèvres were at once summoned, and Messrs. Andral, Michon, and Rayer, from Paris, and leeches, setons, and cupping were applied and tried, but without producing any signs of consciousness. No change for the better was perceived during the three following days. On the 11th, however, although the delirium still continued, the expression of the patient's eye was thought to betoken an approach of favourable symptoms, and he was able to raise a glass or piece of ice to his lips. The danger is still great, but M. Regnault's friends now indulge the hope of his ultimate recovery, in which hope we cordially unite. He is in the prime of life, and we are informed that during his delirium he exclaimed frequently, "Quarante six ans! quarante six ans!" as if lamenting the early close of his career. M. Regnault was elected a Foreign Member of the Royal Society in 1852, and the fact of the Society having awarded him their Rumford Medal is a sufficient testimony to his scientific merits.

## FINE ARTS.

### NATIONAL GALLERY.

THE following additions to the national collection were placed in the rooms in Trafalgar-square on Saturday last. 1. *The Melzi Perugino*. This is the most important acquisition that has been made by the country for many years past. It must be remembered that hitherto the Gallery has possessed only one small specimen, a *Holy Family*, by the famous master of Raphael. It can now boast of one of the most celebrated of his works. This painting, which is in three compartments, formed part of an altar-piece by Pietro Perugino, formerly in the church of the Cortoss, near Pavia, for which, as Vasari states, it was originally painted. It was lately in the possession of the Melzi family at Milan, from the present representative of whom it was purchased in February last. Rumour states 3600*l.* as the price which has been paid for this important work. The centre compartment is occupied by the Virgin and Child in an exquisitely sweet and beautiful landscape, with three angels standing on clouds. On the border of the Virgin's robe, across her heart, are some letters, amongst which "Judeorum Rex

Jesus" may apparently be traced. In the compartment on the spectator's right are the figures of the archangel Raphael and the boy Tobias. This group is said to be found in a drawing by Raphael in the Randolph collection at Oxford. This circumstance may have given rise to the erroneous opinion which has been expressed in some quarters, that the painting itself is by Raphael, for which there is no foundation. The left compartment is occupied by the figure of the archangel Michael. He stands with his legs apart, resting on a shield, which reaches the ground in front of and between them, much in the attitude of Donatello's celebrated *St. George*. On the hem of the Archangel Raphael's robe there are also some letters, not traceable without close and lengthened examination. The blue colour in the upper portions of the three compartments has been added at some early period; but this is a matter of trifling importance with respect to the main portion of the picture. The intrinsic value of the painting, considering its unquestioned authenticity, and its state of preservation, render its possession a source of congratulation to all lovers and promoters of art. The late owner of the painting is not, we understand, a poor man, and it must therefore be presumed that causes other than private ones have operated to induce him to part with what was certainly one of the ornaments of his city and country. We have further been informed, on good authority, that great difficulties were for a time experienced before the permission of exportation could be obtained. It must be admitted, therefore, that in ultimately making this concession, the Austrian government has shown a very friendly feeling towards the people of this country.

2. *The Madonna and Child*, by Bartolommeo Vivarini. On the left of the Madonna is St. Jerome; on the right, St. Paul. Painted on wood: height, 3 feet 1½ inch; width, 2 feet 1 inch. It is inscribed, in an abbreviated form, with the words "Opus Bartolomei Vivarini de Murano." This picture was purchased in Venice, in November, 1855, from the Conte Bernardino Corniani degl' Algarotti, for 97*l.* It is mentioned in the *Atti dell' Accademia di Venezia*. It is a very curious and characteristic work, of the utmost purity of quality and preservation.

3. *Half-length Portrait of a Young Man*, by Bartholomeus Venetus (a distinct painter from Vivarini). The costume is stated in the director's report to be that of the Campagna della Calza, a representation of which is to be found in the 'Habiti Antichi ed Moderni,' of Cesare Vecellio, ed. 1598, p. 50. This is also painted on wood; height, 3 feet 5½ inches; width, 2 feet 4 inches. It is inscribed as follows: "Ludov. Marti[n]enzo] Etatis Ann. xxi. Bartolom. Venetus Faciebat, MDXXX. XVI. zun." Purchased in Venice, in November, 1855, from the representatives of the Conte Girolamo Michael Pisani, heir of the Conte Girolamo Martinenzo, for 48*l.* 10*s.* Some injuries in the red mantle have been restored. In this picture the affinity to the school of Titian is strongly marked. The face is pleasing, and the costume not only curious in form, but treated with that sumptuousness of taste, which was afterwards so marked a feature of the schools of Venice. The painter's name is rarely met with in the dictionaries and catalogues of art.

4. *The Madonna and Child*, by Girolamo da' Libri. The Madonna is seated in a chair of classical form. The background is formed of a curtain and landscape. It is painted on wood. Height, 2 feet; width, 1 foot 4½ inches. This, together with the following, formed part of the Galvagna collection. Whilst there it bore the name of Pellegrino da S. Daniele, under which name it is also mentioned in the well-known work, 'Venezia Monumentale e Pittoresco,' 1840, p. 168. The director states in his report, that a comparison of this specimen with the works of Girolamo da' Libri, has led to the conclusion that it would be more fitly ascribed to that master. In this subject, the red curtain, which, partially drawn aside on a rod, displays the landscape behind, seems to be old work, genuine and rich. The face of the Madonna,

on the other hand, is not so satisfactory. Something of the glossy stippled look appears here, which has caused so many adverse criticisms to be launched against the Bellini which was placed in the gallery some weeks ago.

5. *The Madonna and Child*, by Francesco Tacconi. The Madonna is seated, her right foot raised on a footstool. This picture is also on wood. Its height, 3 feet 3½ inches; width, 1 foot 8½ inches. It is inscribed, "Op. Francisci Tachoni, 1489, octu." It was formerly in the Casa Savorgnan, and is referred to in the Galvagna collection, in the dictionaries of Ticozzi and Nagler, Art. Tacconi. This has every appearance of being a genuine and excellent work. The true character of antiquity seems to stamp it as a valuable and interesting historical memorial of art.

The following information has reached us from an authoritative source:—According to letters from Venice the Austrian government, on the urgent representation of the Venetian Academy, has granted a considerable sum for the purchase of about seventy pictures from the Manfrini Gallery. Of those pictures a few will be transferred to the Belvedere at Vienna, but the greater part will be placed in the public gallery at Venice. This movement appears to be the immediate result of Mr. Barker's purchase of, it is said, fifteen pictures from the Manfrini collection, including some of the best. It is understood that there will be no impediment to the exportation of these pictures from Venice.

It will be in the recollection of our readers, that as long ago as the year 1851 it was announced that this collection might be treated for by private purchase. The proposal was recommended to the Treasury by Sir C. Eastlake and Mr. Uwins; and a list was obtained, which confirmed the impression of the importance of the collection. Mr. Woodburn was thereupon sent out to examine and report upon the pictures. He made and submitted to the trustees a detailed valuation of 120 pictures in the gallery, which he stated at 22,340*l.* The price at that time asked for the whole collection appears to have been 45,000*l.* The result of the inquiry was, that the trustees did not find themselves in a condition to recommend to Her Majesty's Government any negotiation for the purchase of the Manfrini collection. Among the gems of the gallery are a celebrated Giorgione with three figures, a duplicate of *The Entombment of Christ* in the Louvre, and others. Private enterprise has thus been able to obtain what the machinery of Government at that day failed to accomplish.

M. L. Grüner, whose engraving of the *Madonna dei Ansdei* was mentioned in our number of last week, and who has for some time past been extensively employed, under the direction of Prince Albert, in the decoration of the new rooms at Buckingham Palace, has obtained the post of Director of the Gallery of Fine Arts at Dresden.

The death of M. Marcel Verdier, a French historical painter of considerable note, is announced from Paris. His works are very numerous, and for one of them—*Cain Meditating on his Crime*—he in 1839 obtained a medal in the Exhibition at the Louvre; the same painting was exposed in the Universal Exhibition last year, and attracted considerable notice. M. Verdier, after the *coup d'état* of 1851, excited the ill-will of his confrères by accepting a commission from the Government for a painting, called the *Jacquerie Moderne*, in which some of the alleged excesses of the Socialist party were represented; and the painting, when exhibited, was not at all admired by the public. It is said that regret at having executed the work, and mortification at the failure of it, hastened his death. He was a pupil of Ingres, and was in the prime of life.

M. Horace Vernet has, says the *Revue des Beaux Arts* of Paris, accepted from the French Government a commission to execute, for the galleries of Versailles, a large painting representing the capture of the Malakoff tower at Sebastopol. If our memory does not deceive us, another French



artist received a similar commission many months ago, and actually went to the Crimea to take a sketch of the celebrated fortification.

A Naples letter says that the government has purchased some houses which were built close to the sides of the triumphal arch of Trajan at Benevento, and has ordered the demolition of them to be proceeded to. The arch will thus stand forth in all its beauty, and it is believed that some interesting bas-reliefs will be brought to light.

A statue of the great painter, Van Dyck, was inaugurated with much pomp at Antwerp, his native place, on Monday. It is by M. de Cuyper, and is considered a very fine specimen of the modern art of Belgium. The King and Royal Family were present at the ceremony.

### MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

A NEWLY introduced piece at the Adelphi, *Ireland as it is; or, the Middleman*, serves well to exhibit some of the comic peculiarities of Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams, but as a literary or dramatic production is of a very inferior order. The play-bills inform us that it had a run of 763 nights in the United States,—no good symptom of either the dramatic taste or political knowledge of Transatlantic audiences. The plot is founded on traditional stories of absentee landlords, and the oppression of the peasantry by middlemen or agents, and the incidents afford scope for commonplace declamation about Saxon tyranny and Celtic wrong. A band of ejected tenants are represented as undergoing a series of outrages, which are witnessed by *Lord Squander*, the landlord, who is led to visit his estate in disguise, in consequence of the information given by *Judy O'Trot* (Mrs. B. Williams), who had made her way to London to tell the dreadful story. The play ends with the confusion of the middleman, *Mr. Stone*, very well acted by Mr. Selby, and with the restoration of the tenantry to home and happiness. There is a good deal of claptrap suited for American audiences, and the piece is only made tolerable by the amusing agility and impudence of *Ragged Pat* (Mr. Barney Williams), who handles his shillelagh, sings a good song, and keeps up with spirit the character of a hearty Irish boy.

After a hundred representations, *The Winter's Tale* has this week been withdrawn from the Princess's Theatre, which, after a short recess, is to be reopened with *Pizarro*, revived with the grand scenic illustrations for which Mr. Kean is celebrated.

Preparations for an early winter campaign are making at Drury Lane, where Mr. Charles Matthews, 'the Keeleys,' and a Mrs. Emma Waller, who has graduated in America, are engaged. At the Lyceum, Mr. Dillon is to be supported by a variety of talent gathered from different quarters, Miss Woolgar being the best name announced.

The soldiers of the Zouave regiments who gave theatrical performances during the terrible siege of Sebastopol, which were a good deal talked of at the time in the English Press, having obtained their discharge from the French army, have formed themselves into a company, with the intention of giving a series of their Crimean performances in London and Paris. In dresses and decorations, the representations are to be as nearly as possible what they were in the Crimea.

Mlle. Lucille Grahn, the *danseuse*, was lately married to Herr Yong, a singer at the Royal Theatre of Munich. In 1845, Lucille Grahn bore a part in the famous *Pas de Quatre* with Taglioni, Carlotta Grisi, and Cerito, at Her Majesty's Theatre.

From Bonn we learn that the life of Robert Schumann, the musical composer, has terminated. A long period of mental derangement preceded his death. Hopes had from time to time been entertained by his friends that he might recover, but death has brought such a hope to a close. Those who have listened during the last London season with delight to the wonderful pianoforte playing of his widow will give a sympathizing thought to her in her great distress. Robert Schumann was during seven years "Capelmeister"

at Düsseldorf, in which capacity he laboured with unceasing energy, until in 1853 he was attacked by mental depression, which resulted in complete aberration of intellect. It was hoped at first that complete rest and change of scene might restore him—but in vain; his malady continued unabated, till death released him on the 29th of July from this the most deplorable of human conditions. His admirable wife, who has been working hard to support him and a large family of young children, stood by his dying bed; and his remains were followed to their last resting-place by Ferdinand Hiller, Joachim Brahms, and other musical friends.

The day following the burial of Schumann witnessed the death of another musician of great promise—that of Theodore Pixis, leader of the concerts in Cologne. He had only attained his 27th year, but was esteemed as one of the finest violin-players of the day; he was born in Prague, where his father was teacher at the Conservatorium. The Cologne orchestra has in a short time sustained severe losses. Last year it was deprived by death of the services of Francis Hartmann, the violinist; a few weeks ago, Frederick Schröder, a celebrated bassoon player, died; and now, Theodore Pixis.

### FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Eisenach, 18th August.

In my last letter I described a portion of the new frescoes, by Moritz von Schwind, illustrative of the history of Thuringia, which form one of the greatest attractions to the art-loving tourists who visit this part of the world; there are, however, other pictures, and many objects of historical interest, which deserve notice. Quitting the Hall of the Landgraves, we enter a long narrow gallery, conducting to the chapel, on the walls of which, opposite to the Gothic windows, are painted frescoes representing scenes from the life of Elizabeth of Hungary. In the first we see the youthful princess, a timid girl, entering the castle, the betrothed of Louis. Her future father-in-law, Landgraf Hermann, steps forward to meet her, whilst her youthful lover, a mere boy, stands in the background gazing curiously at her. The second picture describes the miracle of the loaves of bread, which Elizabeth was stealthily carrying to distribute among the poor, and which were by supernatural agency suddenly turned into beautiful flowers, to save her from the anger of her husband, who, meeting her on horseback, demands to see what she is carrying concealed under her cloak. In the fresco in the third compartment, Herr von Schwind has painted the queen, after the death of her husband, quitting the Wartburg, having been driven from her home by her cruel brother-in-law; her beautiful face is marked by an expression of intense sadness and resignation, and her figure is full of grace and dignity; she leads with her little children, one of whom she endeavours to shelter from the cold wind and still colder world, under the skirt of her brown nun-like robe. The fourth picture closes the scene of her life and her labours; the suffering spirit is released from its earthly struggles; the noble form lies in the solemn stillness of death, whilst above the glorified spirit wings its way through the clouds to the new life, the haven after which it had yearned and striven so long. The conception of this picture is very beautiful, and the impression left on the mind is at the same time elevating and comforting. The fifth and last fresco represents her burial, with a long procession of priests and the poor, to whom she had devoted all the energies of her life; the figures are well grouped in every attitude of sorrow. These five large frescoes are surrounded by seven smaller ones in circular medallions, representing the seven works of mercy of the holy Elizabeth. In the first, *Comforting the Sick*, she leans over the couch of a sick man, giving a cup of some soothing cordial; the contrast between the pleading look and innocence of the young girl, and the haggard face of the man worn down by disease, is very striking. In *Giving Food to the Hungry* there is less beauty of expression, but more care and skill

in the arrangement of drapery. *Consoling the Prisoner* gives another fine opportunity for contrast between the delicate beauty of the fair princess and the brawny shoulders of the rough criminal. They both kneel on the bare ground before their God, the woman in deep humility on both knees, her head raised, her eyes full of compassion and love, her hands folded together in prayer, and raised towards heaven; the man bends but one knee—he is brought low, but not humbled; the iron which fetters his limbs has entered into his soul; his hands are clasped, but more in despair than in supplication. *Clothing the Naked* affords a good opportunity for a fine arrangement of drapery, and contrast of youth in the fulness of its prime and conscious power of doing good, and old age, careworn, broken-down, and abjectly poor. The most interesting of the series is that in which she is represented giving shelter to the weary. We see her at the door of her castle, standing with outstretched arms welcoming a miserable, way-worn woman, who has evidently with much toil just climbed the steep ascent, helping herself on with the staff on which she heavily leans, whilst with her left she drags on a little half-naked foot-sore boy, who can hardly bear the burden of his own body. In a wallet on her back peeps out the head of a sleeping babe. Herr von Schwind has managed wonderfully to give an expression of utter exhaustion and fatigue not only to the face of the woman, but to her limbs, to the weight which she throws upon her bending staff, to the travel-stained dress, and the wounded foot bound up with an old rag. We are glad to see that these seven works of mercy have been engraved on copper by Julius Thäter, and are published by Wigand of Leipzig. The *Seven Works of Mercy* have been treated by our own Flaxman in a very different manner from Herr von Schwind. While the latter fails in classical grandeur and sublimity, by contrast with the former, we yet find more of real beauty and feminine grace, more of the spirit of true Christian piety and humility, in these simple frescoes than in the powerful drawings of the sculptor. All the rooms of the Wartburg are to be painted in fresco by different artists; those illustrating the life of Luther are to be confided to Neher, of Stuttgart, and are to be executed in the part of the castle in which the reformer's rooms are situated. There is in the Wartburg a fine armoury, a large collection of most interesting relics of Luther, and of antiquities discovered in Thuringia. The castle is situated on the summit of a hill, standing in the midst of mountains clothed with luxuriant pine and beech forests, and commanding, from towers and balconies and Gothic windows, the most magnificent views of the surrounding scenery. The Grand Duke of Weimar has apportioned 13,000 thalers for this year, to be laid out on the Wartburg in further alterations and decorations, the money to be employed principally on the new house and the great tower. That part of the building hitherto occupied by the commander is to be set apart entirely to the Luther museum.

### LEARNED SOCIETIES.

ENTOMOLOGICAL. — August 4th. — J. O. Westwood, Esq., Vice-President, in the chair. Mr. Douglas exhibited, on behalf of Mr. Bolt, a specimen of *Drepana sicula*, taken at Leigh Woods, near Bristol, being the second recorded British specimen. Mr. Hunter exhibited *Trochilium chrysidiforme*, and *Spilodes palealis*, both taken at Folkestone; and *Erispus latreillii*, a *Noctua* new to Britain, which he had lately bred; he also exhibited some specimens of the summer brood of *Ennomos illustraria*, bred from eggs deposited by the vernal female. Mr. Weir exhibited a number of specimens of *Macaria notataria*, in all of which the lower wings were more or less imperfectly developed; he observed that this species was very subject to such malformations. Mr. Stevens exhibited *Harpalus galathea*, in which one of the under wings was quite wanting; also two specimens of *Drilephila Galii*, bred from larvae found

by Mr. F. Smith near Deal; *Trochilium chrysidiforme*, and an apparently new species of *Logotenia*, taken in July near Folkestone. Mr. Waterhouse exhibited some species of *Myrmedonia*, found in the nests of the black ant (*Formica fuliginosa*), in the New Forest, near Brockenhurst, amongst which were three species hitherto unrecorded as British; also, *Oxygoda vittata*, from the same place. Mr. Tompkins exhibited a specimen of an apparently new species of *Phycita*, taken at Folkestone on the *Echium vulgare*. Mr. Bond exhibited beautiful specimens of *Graphiphora ditrapezium*, taken in Dorsetshire, in July last. Mr. Wollaston exhibited some interesting *Coleoptera* taken in Leicestershire. Mr. Newman communicated a paper on the effects of the vapour from bruised laurel leaves on insects.

BRITISH ASSOCIATION.—Sir Roderick Murchison communicated (Section E) portions of three letters recently received by him from the eminent explorer and successful missionary, Dr. Daniel Livingston, who had reached the Portuguese settlement of Tete on the east, having returned by Southern Africa from St. Paul de Loando on the west coast. Dr. Livingston had in fact reconducted the faithful natives whom he had converted to Christianity to their own home,—these men having acted as his guard throughout his perilous journey. The map originally constructed by Dr. Livingston of this vast unexplored region (he having determined the longitude and latitude of many places) has been for some time in preparation by Mr. Arrowsmith, and the letters now received will occasion certain changes in it as respects the direction in which some of the central rivers flow. Passing rapidly over a number of highly interesting details, which will be published in the volumes of the Royal Geographical Society, Sir Roderick read those passages of the first letter which confirm by actual observation a theory he (Sir Roderick) had formed in 1852 respecting the probable physical condition of the interior of Africa, in ancient as well as in modern times, as deduced from an examination of the geological map of the Cape Colony by Mr. Bain, and the earlier discoveries of Dr. Livingston and his associates around Lake Ngami—viz., that high crests of hard rocks constituted the eastern and western flanks of the great continent through which the rivers escape, by deep transverse fissures, from a comparatively low and flat marshy region, intersected by a profusion of rivers and lakes. In the central region the watersheds are determined by slight elevations only, some of the rivers flowing northwards into the Congo or Yaire, and others into the Zambesi, down the banks of which the author travelled. The chief geological features of the eastern and western flanking ridges of the continent were described by Dr. Livingston, the principal altitudes having been approximately estimated by the ebullition of water. On approaching the tract where he was once more to be in communication with civilised beings, Dr. Livingston gives a very striking account of the scenery around the great falls of the river Zambesi, where that broad stream, after rushing over rapids, is suddenly compressed into a narrow gorge and cascades, once a stupendous precipice, fringed on all sides by the richest and most pictorial vegetation. The rocky flanking ridges are very salubrious, and whilst in them the traveller and his animals were not molested by the *Tsetse*, or destructive insect; and it is suggested that these *sanatoria* may extend much further to the north. The third and last letter, which was written when the author's perils and labours had terminated, gave a general view of the ethnology and habits of the various tribes of Africans. Amongst these Dr. Livingston lived, and became familiar with their language. He assigns a manifest superiority to the inhabitants of the hilly countries, and particularly to the Coffer-Zuluh race. He also states that the Bible has been nearly all translated into Secherana, or the dialect of the Bechunas, the most regularly developed of the Negro languages. "Of its capabilities," he adds, "you may judge, when I mention that the Pentateuch is fully expressed in considerably fewer

words than in the Greek Septuagint, and in a very greatly less number than in our verbose English version." After a sketch of the zoology and botany of those regions, and an account of the prevalent diseases of the natives, Dr. Livingston, having given the history of the successive accounts narrated by the Portuguese of their efforts to penetrate into the interior, modestly expresses his belief that he is the first European who has travelled across South Africa in the same latitudes. He then speaks of his intention to revisit Great Britain, but with the firm resolve to return to South Africa and prosecute his sacred mission, and concludes in these words:—"I feel thankful to God, who has preserved my life while so many who could have done more good have been cut off. But I am not so much elated as might have been expected, for the end of the geographical feat is but the beginning of the missionary enterprise. Geographers labouring to make men better acquainted with one another, soldiers fighting against oppression, and sailors rescuing captives in deadly climes, are all, as well as missionaries, aiding in hastening on a glorious consummation of God's dealings to man. In the hope that I may yet be permitted to do some good to this poor long trodden-down Africa, the gentlemen over whom you have the honour to preside will, I doubt not, cordially join." In conclusion, Sir Roderick Murchison directed special attention to the very great merits of Dr. Livingston, who had been honoured with the gold medal of the Royal Geographical Society, for having previously traversed Africa from the Zambesi to the Portuguese city of St. Paul de Loando; and having adverted to the remarkable and extensive travels of Dr. Barth in Central Africa—who had justly received a similar honour—as well as the prospects of a great exploration up the Niger, and the lofty mountains and large bodies of water to the left of Zanzibar, on the east coast, he congratulated the assembly (which was very numerous) on the hope that might now be rationally entertained of seeing civilization extended to many tracts of Africa in which Europeans might live in health.

Dr. Rae, in the same Section, made some remarks upon the Esquimaux, and referred to his intercourse with that tribe during his explorations in search of Sir John Franklin in the Arctic Seas.

Lord Stanley, in opening Section F, addressed the meeting as follows:—"I believe it will be my duty to open the proceedings of this lecture by a few words relative to the purpose of our meeting; and I must begin by observing that the remarks which follow were prepared before the passing of that resolution yesterday, which has enlarged the scope of our duties so as to include, in addition to statistics properly so called, economic science in general. It is needless, in this presence, to define at any length the nature or the object of statistical science. The axiom on which that science is based may be stated thus—that the laws by which nature is governed, and more especially those laws which operate on the moral and physical condition of the human race, are constant, and are in all cases best discoverable—in some cases only discernible—by the investigation and comparison of phenomena extending over a very large number of individual instances. In dealing with the individual human being everything is uncertainty—in dealing with man in the aggregate, results may be calculated with the precision and accuracy of a mathematical problem. To take a familiar instance—the length of a single life can never be known beforehand; but by the accurate keeping of returns the aggregate length of 10,000 or 100,000 lives is easily ascertained. This aggregate length, the conditions of life being generally the same, approximates to a constant quantity, however often the experiment be repeated; and from that quantity thus obtained, we deduce an average which, as the experience of every insurance office shows, is near enough to the truth for ordinary purposes of calculation. Accidental diversities, whether of internal constitution or of

external circumstances, tend to neutralise one another; their influence diminishes as the area of investigation increases, until, if that area be sufficiently extended, we are justified in disregarding them altogether, and in admitting, as approximately, if not as absolutely true, the general inference to which our successive trials point. I will not lead you into those strange and startling conclusions. Quietly, when comparing some of the averages obtained with one another, and representing them in mathematical form, finds in the laws thus discovered a close resemblance to, perhaps an actual identity with, those which operate in physics—as, for instance, when he lays it down that the obstacles which oppose the increase of population act in a manner exactly the same as does the resistance of the medium in which a body moves to the motion of that body. Wide as is the field of thought which such a suggestion opens, it must probably be for many years premature to enter it; the laws as yet made known to us by statistical research are too few to allow of generalization relative to their mutual interconnection. Enough to cite the dictum of Quetelet confirmatory of what has been said above:—"All observation tends to confirm the truth of this proposition—that that which concerns the human race collectively is of the order of physical facts; the greater the number of individuals the more completely does the will of individuals disappear, and allow the series of general facts which depend upon the causes by which society exists and is preserved to predominate. We must admit that, on submitting to careful experiment organised bodies and the social system, we are unable to say on which side causes act in their effects with the greatest regularity." This, then, is the first characteristic of statistics as a science—that it proceeds wholly by the accumulation and comparison of registered facts; that from these facts alone, properly classified, it seeks to deduce general principles; and that it rejects all *a priori* reasoning, employing hypothesis, if at all, only in a tentative manner, and subject to future verification. It starts from the assumption, verified by many trials, that human action, fluctuating as regards the human unit, is approximately invariable as regards the masses who make up society. But there is another aspect in which it may be considered. As a rule, the degree of certainty which attends any science is exactly proportioned to the extent to which such science admits of the application of numbers. We know what has been done for chemistry by the discovery of a single numerical law—the theory of definite proportions turning by one stroke into a science what was before little more than a collection of important, but detailed observations. And what we aim at in statistics is to substitute for vague praises, intended to express certain qualities, arithmetical formulae, by which the same idea may be conveyed with a precision to which language alone cannot attain. For instance—the uneducated man speaking of a climate, a season of the year, will say only that it is warm, hot, or very hot; the statistician registers the temperature of each day, strikes an average, and gives his result in numerical form, extending, it may be, over a period of several years, calculated accordingly with the most absolute accuracy of which human investigation is capable. Again, the traveller, in describing a nation which he has visited, writes that offences of violence are exceedingly common, probably more so than in any other country. The statistician obtains returns of convictions, distinguishing the different classes of crime, ascertains the per centage of murders or assaults per head on the total population, allows for the probable amount of undetected criminality, and, finally, compares these results with others similarly obtained in other parts of the world. When, therefore, in discussing social questions, we apply the statistical test, we are really doing nothing more than appealing from imagination to fact—from conjecture to certainty—from an imperfect to a perfect method of observation. In the principle, strictly speaking, there is no novelty. Every sensible and observing man, who has lived in a civilised state of society, has been to some extent a statistician. The novelty consists, first,



in the greater accuracy with which, and the enlarged scale on which facts can be collected in modern Europe; and, secondly, in the practical application of that theory which, to philosophers, must, from the analogy of inanimate nature, have always appeared probable—the theory, namely, that organised beings, taken in the aggregate, are governed in their acts by determinate and discoverable laws. It is obvious that in a science of this kind, unlike many which have occupied the attention of mankind, little room is left for imagination. On the first ground, the study is unattractive, even to many who appreciate its value; on the second, it is eminently and necessarily progressive. "Hypotheses non fingo." These memorable words of Newton should be written over the door of every statistical society in Europe. Nor is there any branch of mental exertion so calculated to promote a cosmopolitan habit of thought and feeling. Man is the object studied, and man so studied is seen to many in different countries only in consequence of discoverable influencing causes—such as race, climate, food, laws, modes of life, &c. However great, therefore, the external differences between branches of the human family, the tendency of sociology is to eliminate these differences one by one, to refer each of them to its specific origin, and thus finally to bring to light the essential unity of type which underlies them all. I would also observe that, as an experimental science, the progress of statistics is not liable to those delays which impede the advance of many other branches of knowledge. Whereas in mathematics the work to be done is transacted necessarily and exclusively within the mind of the discoverer. Where the quantity and not the quality of the intellect brought to bear is all important, great advances are rare, for the plain reason that they can only be made by men of extraordinary capacities. No number of ordinary proficient in mathematics, working jointly, can make up for the absence or supply the place of one Newton. But though not one man in ten thousand can be distinguished as an analyst, or a geometer, the number is far larger of those who possess the mental requisites for statistical investigation, at least in its simple forms; and, without disparaging the remarkable talent for arrangement and generalization evinced by such men as Quetelet, and by some of our own countrymen, whom I will not here mention, it may be safely affirmed that the extension of statistical inquiry depends less on the appearance among us of any one mind of more than common power than on the sustained and co-operative industry encouraged by the state of many minds turned to this pursuit, and each taking a separate and distinct department in which to labour. It is almost superfluous to point out the sources of those errors which most beset statisticians. They may, I think, be reduced under two heads—first, calculation of near results from an insufficient number of data—a fault from the effects of which, in finances, many provident societies are suffering grievously; and, secondly, calculation of near results, without sufficient care being taken to eliminate disturbing causes. Whether this omission arises from the classing together of phenomena essentially distinct, and referable to separate laws, or from omitting to make allowance for imperfections in the data supplied—e. g., as though one engaged on criminal statistics were to assume that all offences committed were actually brought to light, overlooking those in which no detection follows, and, consequently, in which no trial takes place. Neither of the sources of error which I have mentioned are difficult to avoid. The one danger against which they warn us is that of premature conclusions. In all physical science, but in no science more than this of which we treat, is suspension of judgment necessary. I mean by the phrase that temper of mind which says, "I neither believe nor disbelieve—evidence is wanting to do either; I only wait, and hold myself free from bias, until further facts are added." How easy this is in theory—how hard and painful in practice, need not be told to any one who has given time and thought and toil to the proof or disproof of a scientific hypothesis. Time would

not allow me to attempt even the most rapid and hasty survey of what has been done, and of what yet needs doing in the way of statistical research. Generally, I think, we may say this of the progress of the science in England, that what defects remain arise principally from causes beyond the control of individuals. Statistics are the function of the State, in a sense in which no other science is so. The details of population, of employments, of instruction, of religious worship, of commerce, and of health, are already recorded in official publications. Those of agricultural production, we may hope, will shortly follow. The branch which I principally note as deficient is that which relates to civil and criminal jurisdiction. Lord Brougham has brought this subject before the House of Lords, and even embodied in a bill the data on which information is needed. We require a regular and uniform record to be kept of every fact connected with the administration of the law. We require to know, in civil proceedings especially, the number and nature of suits that go to each court—the length of time occupied in their decision—the nature of that decision, and the cost to the parties. Our criminal returns might, I think, be fuller than they are. They give us at present absolutely no information respecting that vast class of offences (of late much increased) which are dealt with under summary jurisdiction. It is not wise in any country to copy servilely the practice of another; local differences may create and necessitate diversity of procedure; but I may refer to the annual reports (two yearly volumes) of the Minister of Justice in France as examples of an almost perfect arrangement of complicated statistical details. One result of that publication is to show a vast local difference between department and department in the nature and amount of crime. It is obvious that when such a difference is shown by the lapse of a sufficient period to be chronic and not merely casual, the Government whose attention is thus invited must feel itself bound to investigate the source of the evil, and, if possible, to provide a cure. In fact, an executive regularly supplied with such knowledge may be said to have its finger on the pulse of every province, ready, at the first symptom of disease, to intervene with the requisite remedy. There is another suggestion which I may make, and which indeed connects itself with this last—I allude to the advantage, I might almost say, the necessity of establishing a statistical department of Government charged with the annual publication of such facts relative to the management of national affairs as are reducible to numerical expression. We have statistics enough presented to Parliament every session, but they are, in the great majority of cases, called for by individuals; they are drawn out to suit the particular purpose of those who move for them; they are accordingly deficient in unity, and often of no use beyond the moment. Now, I speak from some personal observation when I say that, at a cost hardly greater than that of these desultory, fragmentary, isolated returns (which have in addition the inconvenience, coming, as they do, at unexpected times, and without any regularity, of throwing a sudden increase of work on particular officers), it would be possible to present to the nation such a yearly *résumé* of administrative statistics as should, to a very great degree, supersede the present system (if system it can be called) of moving for returns as and when they are wanted. I have said that I think a statistical department desirable instead of a statistical branch in every department, because the former method gives better security for unity of plan, and because the work will be best done by those whose sole and individual business it is. I have not referred to the meetings of the International Congress of Brussels and Paris, because on such a subject I could offer no remark that would not naturally occur to those whom I address. Such meetings have a twofold value; first, they extend the field of statistical research; and we have seen that accuracy of result varies directly as the magnitude of the area of investigation; secondly, they form a new link between nation and nation, because, though speech differs, arithmetical notation is the same everywhere.

In proportion, therefore, as numerical is substituted for descriptive statement, we approach nearer to that otherwise impracticable dream of philosophers—an universal language. There is, I believe I may state, a probability of the Congress of 1857 being held in London—an expectation which seems both natural and reasonable, inasmuch as it has been avowed in public, and not denied, that the first design of holding such international meetings was suggested by the analogy of the Hyde Park Exhibition of 1851. Should the event I allude to take place, it will become the duty of all concerned in statistical science to see that such opportunity does not pass unimproved, so that 1858 may find us with a thoroughly organised system for the annual collection and publication of national facts, assimilated, if possible, to the system of France and Belgium. For it must be borne in mind that the objects to be arrived at are two—one, the adoption of a method as perfect in itself as possible; the other, the assimilation of that method to those which prevail elsewhere, so that nations may mutually profit by each other's experience. As a proof how much such comparing of notes is required, I may remind you that the census of Ireland and Scotland was taken in a manner different from that of England, while no attempt has ever been made to bring the entire British empire, including India and the colonies, under a single statistical organisation. The constitution of such a statistical department as we require is matter of fair discussion at the approaching congress. Probably the most effective combination of working talent would be that obtained by the appointment of a commission or board to preside over the issuing of official publications, partly composed of scientific men, partly of members of the permanent or Parliamentary administration (the former preferable as having more leisure), who would bring in the necessary elements of a knowledge of official customs. This is, I believe, the system already existing in Belgium. In Prussia there is a minister at the head of the statistical department; but those who wish to find the question more fully discussed will find information in a valuable report by Dr. Farr to the Registrar-General, dated October, 1855. I wish also to point out to the Association the advantage of such a communication between the Home Government and the leading British colonies, in reference to the approaching congress, as may enable such of them as desire it to represent themselves by means of delegates.

Mr. R. H. Walsh, late Whately Professor of Political Economy in the University of Dublin, read a paper (Section F) entitled 'Observations on the present Export of Silver to the East.' Mr. Walsh commenced by stating, that so far back as the time when Pliny termed it the sink of the precious metals, silver was a favourite article of export to the East. It had continued so, but the trade of late had assumed an extraordinary magnitude. In the five years prior to the present, over 22,000,000*l.* worth of silver had been exported to the East through England, and from other countries a similar movement had been in operation. The export in 1835 was 6,400,000*l.*, and this year it was proceeding at the rate of over 9,000,000*l.* per annum, judging from the returns that had been published for the first four months. Unlike the movement, the present could not be permanent. The former was seldom more than might be accounted for as the distribution of silver to some of its chief consumers—the nations of the East—according as new supplies were raised elsewhere. It was, in fact, the ordinary movement from the producer to the consumer. But now, silver went faster to the East than it was produced throughout the world. Hence the process could not be permanent, but might come to an end as soon as the redistribution of the old stock had been effected. The annual production of silver was only about 8,000,000*l.*; and since the export to the East through England alone was at the rate of over 9,000,000*l.*, it followed that it could not be the new supplies of silver which met that demand and all others for

the same metal, but there must be some auxiliary fund to be drawn upon. Such a fund was furnished by a cessation in the demand for silver in several countries which before employed it most largely, but now used gold instead. In a paper brought under the notice of the Association at Glasgow last September, he had occasion to notice that silver that used to be coined in France and the United States at an average rate of 4,000,000 *l.*, was now little employed, while much of the old coin of that metal was melted down and exported. In France it was said that in one year (1853) so much as 12,000,000 *l.* have been disposed of in this manner, and that the operation had since been proceeded with at a still greater rate. All this acted in the same way as if a silver California had been discovered. No one thought it extraordinary that gold was exported on a large scale from the auriferous regions to the various nations that used that metal; but it was quite as natural that when large supplies of silver were thrown upon the market (it mattered not whether newly extracted from the earth, or just taken from the melting-pot) they would find their way to those places where silver was generally employed. But India, China, and other Eastern nations, came under this description, and hence the late extraordinary exportation. As this cause was a novel one, there was an inclination on the part of some, who called themselves practical men, to adopt any other rather than it. Experience gave no instance of any such, and hence those who looked to their personal experience alone were completely at fault when discussing this question. Some talked of the balance of trade; others of an increased importation of tea and silk from China; and a third set of investigators enumerated details of the machinery of the foreign exchanges by which the transmission was effected. But such persons forgot that the export of silver was just as likely in the abstract to be the cause as the effect of the "balance" or increased importation, in which they dogmatically assumed it originated; and that as for the details of the foreign exchanges they merely told us how and not why the export took place. Yet all this while the question presented no difficulty whatsoever when two facts were noticed in juxtaposition; one, the great cessation in the demand for silver in countries which employed a double standard; the other, the circumstances that the Eastern nations habitually used silver on a large scale, especially in their currency. After that there was nothing to be said to complete the explanation, except to call to mind that when the supply of any article was unusually great, compared with the number of consumers, it must find its way to these latter in quantities proportionately augmented. Such was the case at present with the article of silver, the principal consumers of which were the nations of the East.

Mr. Dawson's paper (Section F), consisted of a series of propositions, of which the following is a short *résumé*:—1. That cotton, from the conditions of climates necessary to its culture, cannot be grown in Europe, but that, with the single and not important exception of the factories in the New England States of America, it is and must long continue to be manufactured almost exclusively in Europe. 2. That the present supply is chiefly raised, and for the present must continue to be raised, by slave labour—seeing that while, for fifty years, we have sought over the whole earth for cotton, we have during that time continued to obtain from the slave states of the American Union a continually increasing proportion of our entire supply. 3. That two-thirds in number at least of the slave population of the United States have been called into existence, and are now directly or indirectly maintained, for the supply of cotton for exportation. 4. That of the cotton thus exported, three-fourths at least in value are raised for and sent to this country alone. And 5. That of the entire quantity we import, four-fifths at least in value are thus derived from the United States. Each proposition was supported by tabular accounts extracted from the public records of this

country and the United States, and the conclusion was expressed thus:—"That hence, in the present state of the commercial relations of the two countries, the cotton-planters of the United States are interested to the extent of two-thirds at least of their entire exportable produce in the maintenance of the cotton manufacture of the United Kingdom; and that reciprocally the cotton manufacturers of the United Kingdom, and through them the entire population of the kingdom, are interested, to the extent of more than four-fifths of the raw material of that manufacture, in the existing arrangements for maintaining the cotton culture of the United States."

Mr. W. Clay read a paper (Section G) on the manufacture of the large wrought-iron gun made at the Mersey Iron Works, Liverpool, and on other large masses of wrought iron. Mr. Clay commenced by an expression of regret that the circulars ordered to be sent last year to engineers, ironmasters, and manufacturers, by the committee appointed to institute an inquiry into the best means of ascertaining those properties of metals, and effects of various modes of treating them, which were of importance to the durability and efficiency of artillery, were not made more general and public. He was only made aware that day, on looking over the report of the Association for the past year, that such a committee had been formed, and that they had received opinions from several of the most eminent engineers of the present day, which opinions, with one exception, did not at all coincide with what he was about to record. The first consideration necessary for the manufacture of wrought-iron guns was to decide the description of iron of which the gun was to be made, and he selected for his experiment a strong clear iron, puddled from the strongest pigs he could obtain, taking care that the iron should be worked as little as possible before it came to be put into the gun. A core was first prepared the full length of the gun, and a certain diameter. This core was intended to be bored out. A series of bars was then packed round the core, and again heated and forged to the proper shape. Another series of bars was packed over them, and heated and worked perfectly round. It still required another larger series of bars placed longitudinally; and even these were far from the size required. The forging, although larger than any ever previously made, required to be augmented in its diameter at the breech by twelve inches, which was accomplished by two layers of iron placed in such a manner as to resemble hoops. This being all welded and round, the forging of the gun was accomplished. The boring was effected in an ordinary powerful lathe, the first bore being 11 inches in diameter, consisting of a drill of 7 inches diameter, and a face cutter of 2 inches. The second cut was three-quarters of an inch on each side, making the bore 12½ inches, and the third, or finishing cut, of a quarter of an inch completed the bore. He might remark that the boring was not a work of very great expense and labour; on the contrary, the process went on so rapidly that he was unable to prepare the fresh boring heads fast enough. The trunnion hoops were made in separate rings, and were shrunk upon the body of the metal. Having described the manufacture of the gun, Mr. Clay read the report of the trials at North-shore, near Liverpool, by Captain Vandeleur, Gunnery Inspector, Royal Arsenal, Woolwich, and afterwards proceeded to lay before the Section the result of his experiments with regard to the crystallization of large masses of iron by long-continued heating.

#### VARIETIES.

*Ascent of the Jungfrau.*—Mr. Eustace Anderson has communicated to *The Times* the following account of an ascent of the Jungfrau this month:—"I was accompanied in the expedition by Mr. Dering Williams, of Buscot, who was my companion to the summit of Mont Blanc last year. We engaged six guides and two porters, who carried a large quantity of provisions, as we had to be out three days; and on the 10th instant,

we started in the afternoon from the Hôtel de l'Ours, Grindelwald, crossed the upper part of the inferior glacier, and, climbing the steepest grass and rocky mountain side I ever encountered, we arrived at a cavern near the top of the Great Eiger, 'Le Premier Hôtel—l'Hôtel de l'Ours,' as the guides facetiously termed it. A small stream of excellent water trickled down the rocks at the back of the cavern. A fire was lighted, coffee and tea were made, and we passed the night pretty comfortably. Three of the guides sang very well, and we had trios and duets for half the night. I withdrew to the back of the cavern, and, leaning against the rock, contemplated the scene. The gloomy cavern fitfully illumined by the flashes of firelight, the dark figures of the guides grouped around, the singing, and the noise of falling water, almost made me fancy myself in the retreat of some group of brigands carousing after a successful raid. About six next morning we proceeded on our way. We descended a short distance to get on the snow, and then again ascended; we passed over the Viescher Grat, and in the afternoon arrived at the Aletsch Glacier, at the foot of the Jungfrau. The sun was so hot that the snow slopes were very soft, and we sank over our knees at every step. In consequence, our chief guide, Christian Almer, decided that we should defer the final ascent until the next morning. We bivouacked on a rock by the side of the glacier, and I never spent so miserable a night. The guides built a little wall of stones round us, but the wind was high and very cold all night, so that we could not sleep, and we joyfully answered the summons to continue our ascent. At four precisely we left our cold quarters, and the moment we began to tread the snow I felt our success certain, for it was so hard, the foot scarcely made any impression. The first difficulty we encountered was a tremendous crevasse, opening like the mouth of a man, in the almost perpendicular face of the mountain. This was passed by a very long ladder, and from the top round of the ladder steps were cut to enable us to pass over a huge overhanging mass of snow, which may be well represented by throwing a snowball with force enough to make it adhere to a wall. From this place to the summit steps had to be cut nearly the whole distance, which was very hard work, and took a long time, particularly upon the *cime*, which was nearly perpendicular. Three men were employed. At last we arrived at some bare rocks, climbed up them, and in ten minutes were on the summit, which was exactly like the ridge of a house-top, sloping gently upwards to the highest point, upon which one man could stand comfortably, but two required to clasp one another round the waist. We stood in a row, side by side, and never did I enjoy such a prospect. In the distance we saw the monarch, Mont Blanc, with his graceful consort, Monte Rosa, the Queen of the Alps. Between them was the imposing Weisshorn. Around us were grouped all the Oberland giants, the most conspicuous being the Eiger, Mönch, Silberhörner, Wetterhorn, and Finster-Aarhorn. Our view of the plains was not very extensive. We saw Thun, its lake, Interlaken, the valley of Lauterbrunnen, and the valley into which the Tschingel Glacier descends; but in other directions the view was shut in by the mountains. On the summit we found a flagstaff, with a few red shreds attached to it, planted there by a German gentleman; and a small fir tree, planted there by Mr. Chapman. We pulled up the flagstaff, attached a red flag to it, and planted it on the highest pinnacle, and I took the top off Mr. Chapman's tree, and brought it down with me. After smoking our pipes we reluctantly descended, making the greatest exertions to reach Grindelwald. It was nightfall when we arrived at the edge of the lower glacier, and the guides wanted us to sleep at a chalet, but I insisted on going on, and we crossed the glacier at eleven o'clock, and reached our hotel at half-past twelve, having been twenty and a half hours on foot."

*The Geese in the Capitol.*—Professor Owen has given an interesting confirmation of the story of



the preservation of the Capitol by the vigilance of the guardian geese, as narrated by Livy, and recorded in Roman tradition:—Opposite the cottage where I live is a pond, which is frequented during the summer by two brood-flocks of geese belonging to the keepers. These geese take up their quarters for the night along the margin of the pond, into which they are ready to plunge at a moment's notice. Several times, when I have been up late, or wakeful, I have heard the old gander sound the alarm, which is immediately taken up, and has been sometimes followed by a simultaneous plunge of the flocks into the pool. On mentioning this to the keeper, he, quite aware of the characteristic readiness of the geese to sound an alarm in the night, attributed it to the visit of a fount, or other predatory vermin. On other occasions, the cackling has seemed to be caused by a deer stalking near the flock. But often has the old Roman anecdote occurred to me when I have been awake by the midnight alarm-notes of my anserine neighbours, and more than once I have noticed, when the cause of alarm has been such as to excite the dogs of the next-door keeper, that the geese were beforehand in giving loud warning of the strange steps. I have never had the smallest sympathy with the sceptics as to Livy's statement; it is not a likely one to be feigned; it is in exact accordance with the characteristic acuteness of sight and hearing, watchfulness and power, and instinct to utter alarm-cries of the goose.—*Notes and Queries.*

*Museum in the Crypt under Guildhall.*—This ancient and noble edifice is about to be appropriated to the reception of natural curiosities, and to form a museum, which, if not large, will be of a character worthy of the corporation of the City of London. To render this available, it will be necessary to remove all the offices that have been built on the north side of the hall, in order to re-open the windows which their erection blocked up. The double staircase, which is at present situated there, is to be removed, and the door blocked up. The entrance to the crypt is to be at this spot by a handsome flight of stone steps. The statue of the late Alderman Beckwith has been removed from the north to the south side of the hall, which is to be replaced by a statue to the late Duke of Wellington, supported on cantilevers. Under this statue will be made a door, which, with a single staircase, will lead to the entrance to the crypt. By these alterations the offices of the inspectors and stamper of weights and measures will be removed, but as yet others have not been appropriated to their use.

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